

JOHN G. PATON  
HERO *of the* SOUTH SEAS



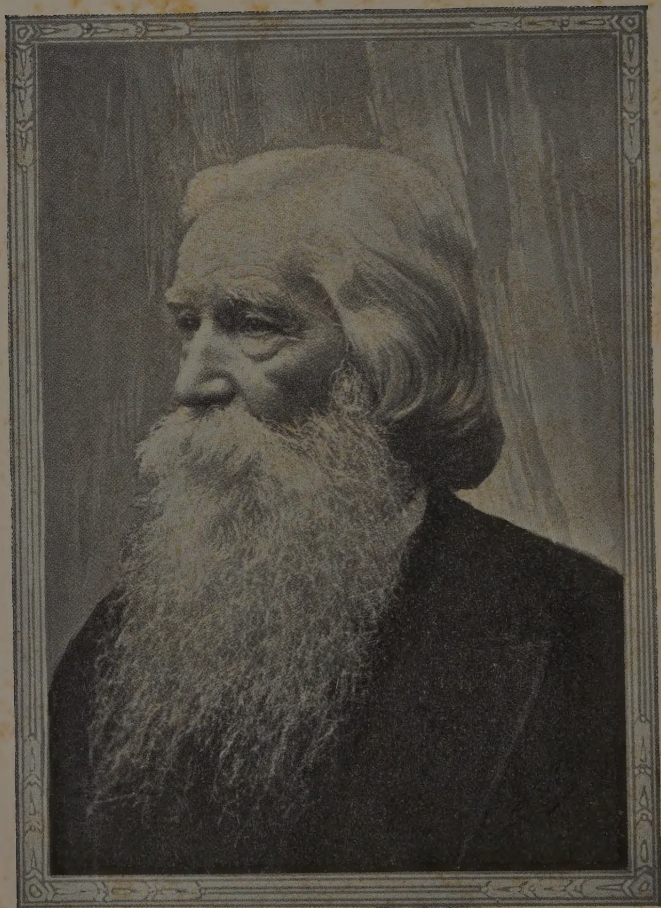












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HERO OF THE

# SOUTH SEAS

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## INTRODUCTORY

For fearlessness and faithfulness, the name of John G. Paton stands in the front rank of missionary biography. As a poor boy, John Paton heard the call of God to seek the lost. And the years of his long life were spent in giving diligent heed to that call.

Christian biography is one of the most fruitful sources of interesting and inspiring reading to be found. It not only informs, but it also instils in the minds of the young people worthy and noble ideals, and creates in their hearts a desire to be like the godly people of whom they read. For older people, such reading provides encouragement and comfort, helping them upward and onward in the path of life. This book has as its design the accomplishing of these very things. It was written with the younger people in view, the author recognizing that the older minds will condescend to the needs of the younger, whereas the younger readers could not ascend to the style of their elders. The book is dedicated to our wealth of bright young people.

THE PUBLISHERS.



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## CHAPTER I

### HOME DAYS AND SCHOOL DAYS

"Hush," said John to his brothers and sisters, "Father has gone into the closet-room."

That was all that needed to be said to cause those boys and girls to tiptoe and to speak in whispers as they passed the door of that little middle room of the three-room Scottish cottage. To that room the father usually went after each meal to talk to God. The children knew that these prayers were the cause of the happy light on their father's face. They knew, too, that he prayed for them. Sometimes they would hear the pleading, trembling voice, and it filled them with awe. This voice had been uplifted in prayer to God, in behalf of his boy John, ever since John was born to that humble family, on the 24th day of May, 1824, in a cottage on the farm of Braehead, near Dumfries, in the south of Scotland.

Very different was John Paton's schoolmaster from his father. Kind enough that master was at times; but in his spells of fierce temper he punished the children savagely. John got his share of the kindness and the flogging. One evening during family worship John heard the latch of the door move, and the door open and close very gently. When

prayers were over he ran to the door, and found a bundle. Opening it, he exclaimed, "Oh, Mother, a new suit of clothes for me!" "Thank God for it, John," answered his mother; "he put it into somebody's heart to send it to you." Next morning his master greeted him with, "Good morning John! How fine you look in your new suit!" It was several years before John learned that his teacher had sent it.

When John was eleven years old, one evening on coming from school he said to his mother, "I do not want to go to school any more." "I am surprized," she said; "I thought you liked school very much. What is the matter?" "The master whipped me very hard today and I did not deserve it," replied John. "I am sorry," said his mother; "I know he has a bad temper sometimes, but he will be all right tomorrow. So you go back; for it would be a pity for you not to have more schooling." Next day about nine o'clock John came running home crying from pain and fright. His mother met him and said, "Why, John, what is the matter?" "O Mother," he cried, "when the master saw me coming he ran at me and kicked me so hard. I was afraid, and ran as fast as I could. I will never go to that

school again." John could not be persuaded to go back; so he began to learn his father's trade.

At the stocking-frame at one end of the kitchen he worked from six in the morning till ten at night, with an hour for dinner and a half hour each for breakfast and supper. These spare moments from the stocking-frame he spent on beginnings of Latin and Greek; for he had already given his heart to God, and wanted to be a minister or a missionary.

John's father had a hard time supplying his family of eleven; but with God's blessing he usually managed to have enough for them to eat and wear. One year, however, the potato-crop failed, and the family, like many others, was in distress. The father had gone away to work. A few days before his time to come home there was no food in the house and no money to buy any; and the mother could not bear to ask any of the neighbors to help. When she put the children to bed, she said, "Now, children, just go to sleep and have a good rest. I have told God all about our need, and he will send plenty in the morning." Next morning the carrier brought a large package. Eagerly it was opened. Oh, joy! A bag of new potatoes, a bag of new flour, earliest home-made cheese of the season! It was from the mother's

father. Though he knew nothing of her need, he felt moved to send her a "love-offering." When the mother saw the surprize of the children at this answer to her prayer, she took them about her knees, thanked God, and then said, "O my children, love your heavenly Father, tell him in faith and prayer all your needs, and he will supply your wants so far as it shall be for your good and his glory."

Sundays were happy days for this family. There was no Sunday-school in their community; but the children were delighted to go with their father four miles to church. In the afternoon they would help their father tell their mother about the sermon. Sometimes at church they would take notes to read to her. The father would tell them a Bible-story, or a story about martyrs, or something from *Pilgrim's Progress*. Then there would be a contest of Bible-questions to see which child would get to read aloud while the others listened. The happy Sunday over, the stocking-frame was John's program again.

By and by John saved enough money to go to an academy for six weeks. He had such a hunger for more learning that he decided to leave his father's trade and work at something that would give him more spare time and more money



besides. He got a job four miles from home, with some surveyors. The hours were from nine until four; so he had considerable time for study. Even during the noon-hour, while the others were playing football or some other game, he was off in a quiet spot with a book. His employer noticed this and called him into his office and asked him what he was studying. John told him all about how eager he was for an education and how his father was unable to send him to school. Later he was again called into the office. The man said, "John, since you have been working so well and have an ambition to learn, I will promote you in the work and give you an opportunity for special training in the school at Woolwich, if you will sign an agreement to stay with us for seven years."

"I thank you very much indeed for your kind offer," said John. "I will bind myself for three years, or four; but not for seven."

"What! You will refuse an offer many rich men's sons would be proud of?" was the surprised answer.

"My life is given to another master; so I can not engage for seven years," said John.

"To whom?" the man asked sharply.

"To the Lord Jesus," John replied, "and I

want to prepare as soon as possible for his service in preaching the gospel."

The man was very angry at this, and said, "Accept my offer, or you are dismissed on the spot."

It was a trying moment for John. Should he turn away from this good offer? If he should lose his job, how could he get money for an education? The biggest question, though, was, "What does God want of me?" So the brave lad's answer was, "I shall be very sorry if you dismiss me; but to bind myself for seven years might change the purpose of my life. Though I am greatly obliged to you, I can not make such an engagement."

John was given his pay. He thanked the officers for the kindness they had shown him while he worked for them, and went home, wondering what the next step would be, but feeling in his heart that he had done the right thing.

The rector of the academy he had attended, hearing of his experience, said he might attend all the classes there without charge. But not having money to supply his food and lodging, he had to decline this offer.

The next step was the harvest-field. He had never gathered and bound sheaves before; and so when he was engaged to work with the reapers

he had a hard time keeping up with the older workers. Through all the difficult labor, one thought gave him courage—he was earning money that would give him an education.

At the end of the harvest-season John received a letter that gave him much joy. It was a favorable answer to an application he had written asking for a certain position in Glasgow, the capital of his country. It seemed just the thing for him. He was to visit absentees from church and Sunday-school and distribute tracts, and at the same time have the privilege of a year's training at the Normal Seminary. In two days he was on his way with his Bible and all his personal belongings tied up in a pocket-handkerchief. He had to walk forty miles, and then go the rest of the way by train.

His father walked with him the first six miles of the way, and gave him good, fatherly advice as they walked along. For the last half mile they did not speak. They could not, for their hearts were feeling too deeply. But John could see his father's lips moving in silent prayer for him. When they reached the parting-place, the father grasped his boy's hand and said, "God bless you, my son! Your father's God prosper you and keep you from all evil." He could say no more, but his lips kept moving in silent prayer.

With tears they embraced and then parted. John ran as fast as he could. When he came to a turn in the road he looked back, and there stood his father still at the place of parting. He waved his hat and then hurried round the corner. By the side of the road he stopped to weep a while. It was hard, this leave-taking of his beloved father. Next he climbed the dyke to see if his father was still at the same place, and he caught sight of his father climbing the dyke to see him. As he went on he vowed with all his heart and over and over again that he with the help of God would never do anything to grieve his dear parents. The memory of this parting helped to keep him from sin, and also helped him in his studies, for he did not want to fall short of his father's hopes.

He found study at college a killing task; for he had had so little schooling, and he had to work part of the time. Because he put so much energy into what he did and because he had not enough nourishing food, his health failed, and he had to go home for a while.

One time during his college career he was in such need that there seemed no way but to give up the idea of college after all and go to work. He wrote about it to his parents. Through many tears he read the letter over, and then thought, "I can



not send that. It will grieve them. I will sell my books and hold on a few weeks more." Out into the street he went to find sale for his books. But how could he part with his books? He needed them too much! He walked on from one street to another, not noticing where he was going but God was guiding him. His eye caught a notice in a window which stated a teacher was wanted, and where. He secured the position, and after teaching a while was again able to attend college.

Many were the struggles he had going through the long course of college, divinity school, and medical school. With all his other burdens, being the oldest in a family of eleven he was anxious to help at home. He bought a cow for the family, and helped with the clothing and school fees of his younger brothers and sisters.

The education he was getting was no doubt a preparation for his missionary work; so also were these struggles as a student preparatory to the greater struggles of the missionary.

## CHAPTER II

### A MISSIONARY IN THE HOMELAND

During the last ten years of his schooling, Mr. Paton earned his way by doing city missionary work in connection with the Glasgow City Mission.

One day when he met with the directors of the mission, one speaking for all, said, "Mr. Paton, we have observed your hard work for the people of this miserable district, but for some reason this seems to be an unfruitful field. As you know, you have worked here a year now, and yet only six are meeting with you regularly in your hay-loft. We think it would be wise to transfer you to another section of the city where more results would award your labors."

A year's work with the infidels, drunkards, and others of this very poor and unchurched district had endeared the people to him, and he pleaded with the directors, "Will you not let me work with them another six months? I am sure that the good seed sown will soon bear fruit."

Seeing his burden for the people, they decided to try him there for another six months.

At the next hay-loft meeting Mr. Paton told the half dozen that unless more would come to the meetings he should be taken away from the

district. Each one promised to bring another to the next meeting. In a few weeks more there was another doubling of attendance, and from that time results were more encouraging.

Then one day the owner of the hay-loft told Mr. Paton, with much regret, that he must have his hay-loft. Where to have the meetings then was a problem. Another man who had become much interested said he would clear his hay-loft, and others offered to build a stairway. But Mr. Paton, knowing this would be only a temporary arrangement, was looking to God for something better. And God surely rewarded his trust. Just at that time a block of buildings that had once been used as church, school, and minister's home was offered for sale, and the church under which Mr. Paton was working bought it for his use.

Then Mr. Paton rearranged all his meetings, and started schools for the poor children. One of the things he enjoyed was his seven-o'clock Sunday morning Bible-class. It was made up of about one hundred of the very poorest young women and men. They came in very poor clothes, often without hat or shoes. Many of them soon improved in appearance, and some, giving up drinking, were able to move to more respectable parts of the city. Some of these continued to come to the seven-o'clock meeting to encourage the rest.

This seven-o'clock class was not brought about without work. Mr. Paton would be ready at six and run from street to street for an hour knocking at the doors of the careless. After a time some of the better ones in the class did this work, and took charge of all the irregulars.

On Monday night Mr. Paton had another Bible-class, on Wednesday evening prayer-meeting, on Thursday evening a class for more careful instruction in doctrine, on Friday evening a singing-class, and on Saturday evening a total-abstinence meeting. Besides conducting the meetings, he called from house to house. The directors of the mission from whom he received his pay expected him to work four hours a day; but he often worked more than that on account of extra calls from the sick and troubled. Attending school himself all the while besides, he was a very busy young man. Often he had little time for his own studies.

One day Mr. Paton went to visit a man who was an infidel lecturer. The man also had a library of infidel books, which he would lend to the people. He tried his best to get people not to believe in God or the Bible. He was very sick when Mr. Paton called, and was much afraid to die.



Mr. Paton visited him several times, and he became interested in the message of salvation and cried aloud for forgiveness. He said to Mr. Paton, "I am so sorry for the evil I have done. I will call in all my infidel books. Will you please buy me a Bible?" When Mr. Paton brought the Bible, the man said, "This is the book for me now. Since you were here last, I gathered all my infidel books. My wife locked the door till she and my daughter tore them to pieces, and I struck the match that reduced the pile to ashes." To all who came to see him the man spoke of what he found in Jesus.

Mr. Paton became very much interested in a doctor. The man was well educated and skilful, but he fell to drinking, and went from bad to worse until he had dreadful attacks of delirium tremens, and would try to kill himself. He was also an infidel. While he was having an attack, Mr. Paton began visiting him. The visits were made twice a day, and sometimes oftener; for Mr. Paton was anxious for the man's salvation. He somehow found his way into the man's heart until the man was glad for his visits.

One day the doctor consented to have Mr. Paton read to him a chapter from the Bible. After the reading, Mr. Paton said, "Now shall we

pray?" A hearty yes was the answer. They got on their knees, and Mr. Paton said, "You pray first." The doctor answered, "I can not pray. I curse. Would you have me curse God on my knees?" Mr. Paton insisted that he try to pray. The man said a few words and Mr. Paton went on with the prayer, pleading earnestly for the poor man and his family. After prayer, Mr. Paton said, "Now, I must be at college by daylight, and I must first go to my lodging to get my books and to have an hour's rest. Will you do one thing for me before I go?"

"Yes," replied the man.

"It is long since you had a good sleep. You lie down, and I will sit by you until you go to sleep."

The man was soon asleep, and Mr. Paton slipped away. When his classes were over, he came again. The doctor heard him coming and met him at the door and embraced him, saying, "Thank God, I can pray now. I rose this morning refreshed from sleep, and prayed with my wife and children for the first time in my life. I shall do so every day, and serve God while I live."

Many were the men and women and boys and girls whom Mr. Paton led to know Jesus. In the

later years of his work at this Green Street Mission as many as six hundred were in attendance at his services. He had this great success because he really loved the people. No sacrifice was too great for him to make when he was trying to save a soul. He was not waiting to be a soul-winner until he should become a missionary to the heathen. He had already learned the lesson that Mr. Moody, the great American preacher, got to a certain young man.

Mr. Moody was riding on the train one time when a certain young man chanced to sit in the same seat with Mr. Moody. He fell to talking enthusiastically with the preacher about his plans and preparation for being a missionary in Africa. Mr. Moody asked, "How many souls have you led to Christ?" The confused young man faltered, "I—I really do not know if I have ever been responsible for bringing any one to Christ." "If you do not know how to save souls here," replied Mr. Moody, "how do you hope to save souls in Africa?" It set the young man to thinking—to thinking hard, and praying. After that he made good use of opportunities to speak to people about Jesus, and his speaking was not in vain. By and by, when he was a missionary in Africa, he was the means of saving many souls there, too.

### CHAPTER III

## CALLED FAR AWAY

Though happy and busy in his Green Street Mission work, yet Mr. Paton kept hearing the wail of the heathen in the South Sea Islands. He did not tell any one about his burden for these heathen, but he thought and prayed much about it.

Mr. Paton had always been interested in the heathen, for from the time he was a small boy he was used to hearing his father praying earnestly for them in family worship. But now it seemed they were calling to him to come to them. He felt this a few years without saying anything about it. Then he learned that his church had been trying for two years without success to get some one to go to the New Hebrides Islands to help the missionary already there. A meeting was called for earnest prayer over this matter, and Mr. Paton attended. It seemed the Lord was saying to him in his heart, "Since none better qualified can be got, rise and offer yourself." Oh, how he wanted to get up and say, "Here am I, send me"! But he was not sure enough that it was the will of God. He decided to pray over it a few days more.

Several days later he called on old Dr. Bates.

the minister with whom he had labored when he first went to Glasgow, and offered himself for the New Hebrides work. How the good man rejoiced. And Mr. Paton returned to his lodging with a lighter heart than he had known for a long time—another proof that nothing makes a person so happy as a decision to move forward in the will of God.

When he returned to his lodging, after some hesitation he said to his college chum, "I have offered myself as a missionary to the New Hebrides." Several minutes passed, then his friend surprised him with this answer, "If they will accept of me, I also am resolved to go." Both had been burdened for this work, but they had said nothing to each other about it until now.

Then this news was noised about. Instead of people coming to Mr. Paton with, "I am so glad. God bless you in your new work," they discouraged him. Even the minister of the church in connection with which his mission was carried on said, "Mr. Paton, I fear you are making a great mistake. You have such wonderful success in your mission-work. This is surely your place. You know you can be useful here, but you may just be throwing your life away by going among those cannibals."



Mr. Paton answered, "I am fully decided. I love my work and my people, but there are others who will take up this work, but there is no one to go to the New Hebrides. As to losing my life among those cannibals, I have only one time to die, and I am willing to leave the manner of it with God."

The directors of the mission offered him a house and any salary he should ask if he would stay at home. One old man would repeatedly say, "The cannibals! You will be eaten by cannibals." His Green Street people grieved very much over his leaving them, and pleaded with him to stay. Sometimes, when hearing all these things, he would wonder if he was making a mistake; but when he would pray, his doubts would fly away. He decided to write again to his parents, and to tell them what the people were saying, and all about it. He wrote, and this was the reply he received:

"Dear John: In our last letter we did not say much about your going as a missionary because we did not wish to overinfluence you. But now we must tell you why we praise God for the decision to which you have been led. When I was young, my heart was set on being a minister; but circumstances compelled me to give it up. When you were given to us, your mother and I laid you, our

first-born, upon the altar to be consecrated, if God saw fit, to be a missionary of the cross. And it has been our constant prayer that you might be prepared, qualified, and led to this very decision. We pray with all our heart that the Lord may accept your offering, long spare you, and give you many souls from the heathen world. Your father, James Paton."

After this letter there were no doubts, and preparations were made for sailing to the far-away isles. He also married an educated, consecrated young woman named Mary Ann Robson.

The New Hebrides Islands, the mission-field toward which the young couple were setting their faces, is a group of thirty small islands not far northeast of Australia.

The first who had tried to do missionary work in this group of islands was the great John Williams, who had done such wonderful work in other groups. But when he and a companion attempted landing on Erromanga, of the New Hebrides group, they were clubbed to death and feasted on. Others after them met a similar fate. But several years before Mr. Paton went some missionaries had much success on the Island of Aneityum, 3,500 cannibals having become Christians.

So Mr. and Mrs. Paton knew they were going into a dangerous and difficult work; but all through the slow sailing voyage, from April 16 to August 29, they steadily believed the gospel of Jesus was able to save cannibals. They went in the year 1858, Mr. Paton being then thirty-four years of age.

## CHAPTER IV

### FIRST MONTHS ON TANNA

"Mary, these people are beyond anything I ever imagined," said Mr. Paton to his wife after they had had a sight of the heathen to whom they had come.

"Well, I surely never pictured in my mind such horrid-looking creatures," answered his wife; "and they seem to try to make themselves look as horrid as they can. The way they put on that paint! Did you see those men who had one side of their faces painted black and the other side red? And their hair twisted and standing out as it does! And how shocking to see them going about without any clothes! I wonder if those little grass aprons the women wear are anything like the one Eve made."

"Those things are all bad enough," replied Mr. Paton, "but the knives and big clubs they carry look as bad as anything to me. It is a good thing I never had a sight of these people when the folks back in Scotland were trying so hard to get me to stay there. Why, the very worst places I ever got into in my mission-work in Scotland were nothing to compare with this. Mary, when you saw those wild creatures today, could

you imagine it possible that they could ever be made Christians?"

"Why, John, have you forgotten that nothing is impossible with God? And were you so shocked today that you have forgotten these converts we have been seeing here with Mr. and Mrs. Inglis?"

"O Mary, thank you for bringing me back to my old convictions! I am still sure God has sent us here and will help us to reach some of these people. The sight of them in the raw shook me for a little bit; but God loves them, I know, and will be with us."

Mrs. Paton continued with Mrs. Inglis on the Island of Aneityum while the men, with some of the converts, went over to the neighboring Island of Tanna to build a house. The music (?) they had to work by was the savage war-yells of the Tannese. There seemed to be war between tribes about all the time. One morning, when the fighting was nearer than usual, Mr. Inglis said, "Mr. Paton, we are told that Nehemiah built the wall of Jerusalem in troublous times, and why not the mission house on Tanna? but I suggest that we take this day off and spend it in prayer for these people."

In the evening, when they wanted their tea, the Aneityumese boy whom they had brought for a

cook could not be found. They knew nothing to do but wait, though they feared the boy might have been killed. After a time he came, saying, "O Missi, this is a dark land! Down at the boiling spring they have cooked and feasted on the six men that were killed today. They have washed the blood into the stream until it is all red. I can not get water for your tea. What shall I do?" He seemed to think the spoiling of the water of more consequence than the eating of the men.

Next evening the stillness was broken by an unearthly, wild, wailing cry. They learned that one of the wounded men had died and his wife was being strangled to death that her spirit might go along with his. "The more I see of these people, the bigger I see my task," thought Mr. Paton; "but I will not be discouraged."

By and by the house was finished, and Mrs. Paton and all their household things were brought. The people came in crowds to look on; but Mr. and Mrs. Paton could not speak with them because they did not know the language—that was the next big task. And how were they to learn when there were no books, no A B C, and no teacher?

One day Mr. Paton noticed a man pick up one



of their things and say to another man, "*Nunskī nari enn?*" Mr. Paton, supposing he was asking, "What is this?" instantly picked up a piece of wood and said the same words. They smiled and told him. He learned many words by asking this question and also another he learned, What is your name? Both Mr. and Mrs. Paton were all the time on the watch to learn more of the language, and soon they were able to converse a little with the people. And they made writing for the language.

When they had been on Tanna three months, a little boy was born to them. But their great joy was soon turned to sadness, for Mrs. Paton was soon stricken with fever, and died when the baby was not yet three weeks old. And before another three weeks passed the baby also was dead. Mr. Paton had to be undertaker, preacher, and mourner all together. Those were sad days to him, the bitterest he had ever known. He would go often to the lonely grave to mourn, to think, and to pray. "Why should God take away a woman so young, so well educated, so consecrated to the Lord's work, and so well fitted for it? Why should I be left alone in this difficult work?" And his thoughts would go on, "If only I had not brought her here so near the beginning of the rainy season! If only I had built the house up on

the hill instead of down on this fever-infested lowland! But I did not know until too late." And he would pray, "O Lord Jesus, help this poor lone man to bear this great sorrow. I do not understand why thou hast allowed it, but I will not complain against thee. Thy way is best." God heard his prayers and comforted him and so strengthened his spirit that he decided to stay and continue to work for the Tannese, though he must work alone.

What a debt of thanks do we owe to these pioneer missionaries for teaching us through their bitter experiences how to preserve our health on the mission-fields!

When Mr. Paton had heart again to return to his work, it was the same old story—some days dawns of hope, other days sights and experiences that made his heart sick. He decided at whatever cost to be strong against war, wife-beating, and widow-strangling. Often he was able to restrain these things; but sometimes the people paid no attention to his words, and even threatened to kill him. Several, like Nicodemus, began coming to him at night, and they would stay long asking him questions about his religion. One chief said, "I would be a Christian man, were it

not that all the rest would laugh at me. That I could not stand."

One day another chief came and said, "Missi, will you give me some tape? My wife died and I want to dress her the way you did your wife, and bury her in the same kind of grave. I got some calico from a trader." "Shall I come and pray?" asked Mr. Paton. "No," he said, "if you come many of the people will not come, and I want all the people to come and see. Old Chief Nowar has promised to speak and pray to your God before all." It was a case of a Christian burial conducted by a heathen in the presence of heathen. To some it might seem a small thing; but to Mr. Paton it was a wonderful step in advance, though so far from what he yet hoped to see in these people.

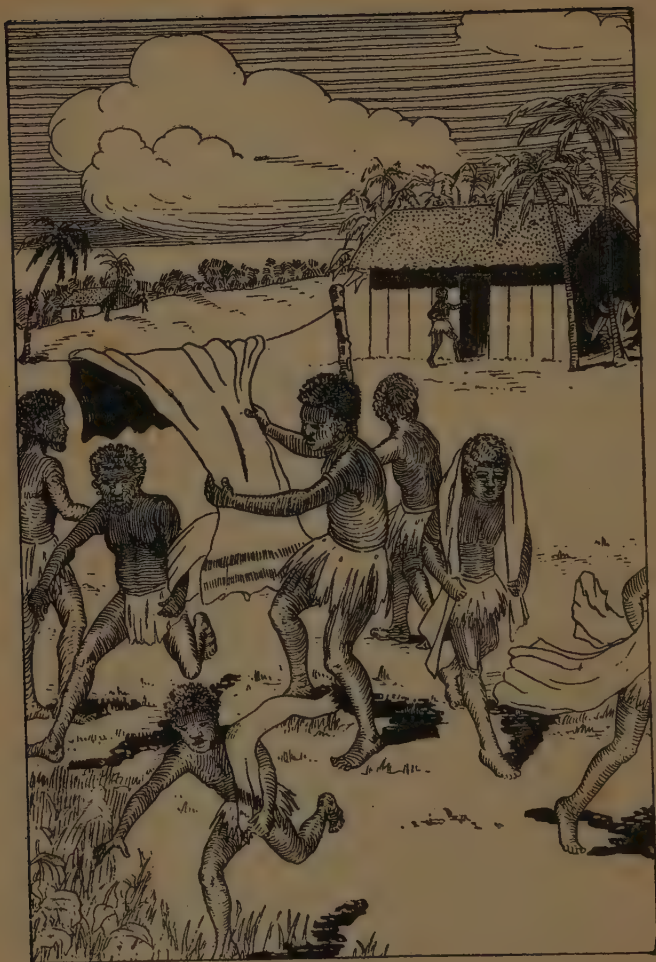
There were many trying things. These Tannese would lie and steal with no shame; only if they did it so clumsily that they were caught would they be ashamed. One man spied a pocket-knife on the floor of Mr. Paton's house; he neatly stepped on it, and then holding it with his toes, walked off looking as innocent as any man could look! Another, seeing a small scissors on a table, hid it among the whipcord plaits of his hair and

went off with it. Thus one thing after another of Mr. Paton's would disappear.

Once after a rainy spell, Mr. Paton, with his Aneityum helpers, hung the bedclothes in the sun to dry. Suddenly Chief Miaki came running and saying, "Missi, Missi, come in quick, quick! I want to tell you something and get your advice." They had no more than got into the house when Mr. Paton heard his Aneityumese calling, "Missi! come quick! Miaki's men are stealing your sheets and blankets." By the time he appeared both men and bedclothes had disappeared. On turning to Miaki, he beheld that clever chief pretend to work himself into a towering rage, smashing the bushes with his huge club and saying, "Thus will I do to those fellows." But that was all that ever came of it.

One dark night he heard the natives among his chickens. He knew that if he interfered they would only glory in the chance of killing him in the dark, so that no one could say exactly who had done the deed. Another night his kitchen was broken into and every pot and pan stolen. His life depended on boiled water; so he offered a blanket to any one who would bring his kettle. It was brought, minus the lid.

One morning several Tannese came in great ex-



**"Missi! come quick! Miaki's men are stealing your  
sheets and blankets!"**

citement saying, "O Missi, something of fear is coming over the sea! Is it a god or a spirit or a ship on fire?"

Mr. Paton answered, "I suppose it is one of Queen Victoria's men-of-war, coming to see how you have been treating me."

"O Missi, will they ask you if we have stolen your things?"

"I suppose they will."

"Will you tell them?"

"I will have to tell them the truth."

"O Missi, do not tell them, and we will bring all your things."

In a very short time they came running, one with a pan, one with a knife, another with a fork, another with a blanket. A heap of things was piled by the door. At last the chiefs came running as fast as they could, calling out, "Missi, do tell us if the stolen things are all here."

Mr. Paton could not tell, but he said, "I don't see the lid of the kettle yet."

One chief answered, "It is on the other side of the island. I have sent for it, and it will be here tomorrow. So do not tell."

Several chiefs said, "We are in black fear. Our misconduct toward you is done."

The captain took a number of the chief men



aboard the ship, and when the big guns were fired, they were in greater terror than ever before in their fearful lives. Their conduct was better for some time after the visit of the man-of-war, but they eventually lapsed back into their old ways.

Having had fourteen attacks of fever and ague, Mr. Paton was made sure that he must, to save his life, move his house to higher ground. He had just begun the plan of the new house when he became sicker than ever before, and weaker. He knew he must have some better air; so he crept slowly up the hill. When he was about two thirds of the way up he had no strength to go farther. He thought he would die. He said good-by to his work, and to Abraham, the faithful Aneityumese helper, who with his wife watched over Missi as tenderly as he knew how to. After a sleep, he felt somewhat better, and Abraham and his wife carried him to the top of the hill, made a bed and shelter for him of cocoanut leaves, and kept him alive with cocoanut milk and other food.

How Mr. Paton appreciated Abraham in those days! As he became better he mused thus: "How good dear Abraham is! How sincerely devoted to me and to Jesus! And he was once a wild heathen! What power in the gospel! O

God, give me health and long life that I may teach the gospel to these people." He did get well, and with the help of his two Aneityumese finished his house, and thereafter seldom had fever.

## CHAPTER V

### DANCE, TABU, NAHAK

"Missi, come; I have prepared a great feast in favor of the worship of Jehovah. I have asked all the people and they have arrived now and are waiting for you and your helpers." This invitation was from Chief Nowar, the most friendly of all to the mission and a half-way professor of Christianity.

Mr. Paton went and found the largest crowd of people he had ever seen on the island. Fourteen chiefs took turns making speeches to the people. They talked about how they should give up wars and all dark deeds and do as the Missi taught them. The Tannese were good speechmakers.

Next was a horrid ceremony of offering to their idols the great quantity of food they had brought. About a hundred of the chief men went to the center of the great throng of people and stood in two lines facing each other. After a brief silence all bent the right knee, held out the right hand, and bowed their faces almost to the ground. A man at one end then slowly lifted himself, muttering at first and gradually letting out his voice until he was yelling loudly when he stood erect. All the rest did as he, and they repeated

the ceremony over and over until they worked themselves into a great frenzy.

Then the gifts of food, mostly pigs and chickens, were exchanged and divided among the tribes. Nowar, standing by a pile of food, made a speech to the missionary and the teachers. "We are having this great feast to cause the chiefs to give up fighting and to worship your God. To show our love we have prepared this pile of food for you." Mr. Paton made a short speech of thanks and walked to the middle of the circle and placed there pieces of red and white calico, fishhooks, knives, and such, and asked some of the chiefs to distribute his present.

Next came the dancing. It was a wild scene. The paint, the feathers, and the ornaments made it all the more so. The men danced on an inside ring, the women on an outer ring. Singing and handclapping were the music. After the dance they had a sham fight. The naked painted bodies, the deafening yells, and the firebrands all together made the occasion seem to Mr. Paton like hell turned loose. After the fight they put the food in baskets to take home, and stripped themselves of their grass or leaf shirts and exchanged them as a token of friendship. They had offered some of the food to Mr. Paton, and he

had to explain, and he did it very carefully, that he could not accept the gift of food because it had been offered to idols. For fear of offending them he dreaded to make this explanation, but he was glad for this opportunity to tell this crowd about the true God and how he should be worshiped.

Not many months after this another festival was held on a village dancing-ground. This time it was in preparation for killing Mr. Paton. The Tannese were not to be depended on. Even Nowar, who had become so far a Christian that he wore some clothes, threw them off, painted himself, and took his tomahawk, and joined with the others in praising the Erromangans, the people of a neighboring island who had just killed some missionaries.

One morning the Aneityumese teachers saw some reeds with twigs and leaves twisted around them stuck in the ground in a circle around the place where Mr. Paton intended to build a church. In fear they came to the missionary and said, "Missi, some of the people have put a tabu around the place where you want to build a church, and we can not go on that spot or they will kill us."

Another time Mr. Paton noticed that for a while no one had come to the mission house, and

he wondered about it. It was explained one day when one of the workers discovered a tabu all around the mission house. The heathen thought they would fall dead if they passed a tabu though there was no one to kill them.

In fact, fear was the biggest thing in the religion of these people. They had many idols, mostly stone ones, and they thought evil spirits lived in these idols. It seemed they did not have in mind good spirits to worship; so it was a strange thing to hear of the great, good Spirit the missionary told them about. Now, of course, they did not love these bad spirits. They worshiped them to keep them from bringing trouble. If a storm came, if somebody died, if some one was sick, an evil spirit was the cause, they thought.

There were sacred men who had ability to make the spirits do things; so thought the people. So if a man had an enemy he would go to the sacred man and say, "I want you to get the spirits to make my enemy so sick he will die." This kept the people always in great fear of what the bad spirits might do to them. Often they would go to some sacred man and say something like this: "I want to buy a charm to wear so the spirits can not harm me." The sacred men made these charms out of all sorts of things, depending on what



they were to be used for. One they made of the ground-up finger of a child, another of the liver of some animal, another of a fish, and so on. It was put into a horn or gourd or nutshell and plastered over with resin. While these charms or fetishes were being prepared, there was much dancing and singing to the spirits. Sometimes the people would have for their fetish a queer-shaped stone, a bright bead, a claw, or any curious object.

The people had great fear also of *nahak*. That was the power the people thought the sacred men had to bring trouble to some one if they, the sacred men, got possession of any piece of food of which that one had eaten. All banana-peelings and scraps of food were carefully gathered up, so that they would not fall into the hands of the sacred men and be used for *nahak*.

One day Mr. Paton was holding a meeting in a village and was telling the people that if they would serve God he would deliver them from all their fears and wars. Three sacred men who were there stood up and said, "We do not believe in your God. We do not need his help. We have the power to kill you by *nahak* if we can get any piece of food from which you have eaten." Mr. Paton thought, "This *nahak* is the cause of most of the terror and war on Tanna. God will help

me. I will accept their challenge before the people. When they see I am not hurt, perhaps they will not believe in this any more." A woman was there with some fruit like plums. He asked her for some, and she said, "Take all you want."

He told all the people to watch. He took a bite from a fruit and gave the rest of it to a sacred man; then he bit from two more and gave them to the other two sacred men. Next he said, "You have seen me eat of this fruit; you have seen me give the remainder to the sacred men. They have said they can kill me by nahak; but I challenge them to do it if they can. I deny that they have any power over me by their nahak."

When the sacred men went to one of the sacred trees, the people fled in terror, saying, "Missi, run; alas, Missi!" But Mr. Paton stayed and watched all the queer things the sacred men did. Once in a while they looked strangely at him, as though they expected him to fall. He said, like Elijah on Carmel, "Be quick! Stir up your gods to help you! I am not killed yet. I am perfectly well."

By and by they said, "We can do nothing until we call all the sacred men. We will have you killed before your next Sabbath comes around."

"All right," said Mr. Paton. "If I come to your village next Sabbath in health, you will have to admit that your gods have no power over me and that I am protected by the true and living God."

During the week many visitors from all parts of the island came to the mission house to ask Mr. Paton if he was feeling sick. On the next Sabbath he went again to the village, in more than his usual health. A large crowd had gathered, and when they saw him in health they could hardly believe their eyes.

He entered the public ground and said, "My love to you all, my friends. I have come to talk to you again about the true God and his worship." Turning to the sacred men, he said, "Did you try to kill me by nahak?"

"Yes," they said before all the people.

"And why did you fail?" asked Mr. Paton.

"Because you, too, are a sacred man, and your God is stronger, and protected you from our gods," was their reply.

"Yes, truly my God is stronger than your gods. He protected me and helped me; for he is the only living and true God, the only God who can hear and answer any prayer from the children of men." Then sitting on the trunk of a fallen

tree, he went on with his talk about the true God.

One of the sacred men was very angry and tried to kill Mr. Paton; but the other two were his fast friends from that time. They received an Aneityumese teacher to their village and protected him, and one of them came often to him to learn about the new religion. They and some others in the village began to pray to God in their homes and to have a kind of family worship. They would go with Mr. Paton on his trips to the villages to preach.

On his return from these trips, tired and burdened, he would pour out his heart to God like this: "O my precious Father, have mercy on these poor people. I have seen so many today whose lives are full of fears and terror and whose hearts are dark. Help them to understand and remember the things I taught them today about the true and loving God. I know, if they will only turn to thee, thou canst make their lives good and peaceful and beautiful. Break down, O Lord, this religion of fear of evil spirits, and teach these people to trust lovingly in thee. I am thankful because the light is beginning to come to some of them. I long to see some Tannese as true Christians. I love them. Though my life is often in danger here, I am willing to work among them.

Help me, O Lord. Give me wisdom. Bless the dear Aneityumese teachers in the different villages. Protect me this night. Make me strong in body and soul for thee. Amen."

## CHAPTER VI

### THE PASSING OF KOWIA

Kowia was a Tannese chief who had been to Aneityum and had there become a true Christian. He, with his wife and two children, had returned to Tanna to help Mr. Paton, and a valuable helper he was.

Mr. Paton was having another attack of fever and was unconscious for some days, and then, arousing somewhat, as in a dream he heard Kowia lamenting over him. He opened his eyes, and Kowia said, "Missi, all our Aneityumese are sick. Missi Johnston is dead. You are very sick and I am weak and dying. Alas, when I too am dead, who will climb the trees and get you a cocoanut to drink? And who will bathe your lips and brow?" He stopped and wept long, and then continued, "Missi, the Tanna men hate us all on account of the worship of Jehovah; and I now fear he is going to take away all his servants from this land, and leave my people to the evil one and his service."

Then poor Kowia burst out in prayer: "O Lord Jesus, Missi Johnston is dead. Missi Johnston the woman and Missi Paton are very ill. I am sick, and thy servants the Aneityumese are sick



and dying. O Lord, our Father in heaven, art thou going to take away all thy servants and thy worship from this dark land? What meanest thou to do, O Lord? The Tannese hate thee and thy worship and thy servants, but surely, O Lord, thou canst not forsake Tanna and leave our people to die in the darkness. Oh, make the hearts of these people soft to thy Word and sweet to thy worship. Teach them to fear and love Jesus. And, oh, restore and spare Missi, dear Missi Paton, that Tanna may be saved!"

A few days later he aroused Mr. Paton again and said: "Missi, since you became ill my dear wife and children are dead and buried. Most of our Aneityumese are dead, and I am dying. If I remain on the hill and die here at the mission house, there are none left to help Abraham carry me down to the grave where my wife and children are buried. I wish to lie beside them that we may rise together in the great day when Jesus comes. I am happy, looking unto Jesus. One thing only deeply grieves me now. I fear God is taking us all away from Tanna, and will leave my poor people dark and benighted as before; for they hate Jesus and the worship of Jehovah. O Missi, pray for them, and pray for me once more before I go."

After prayer, with many tears Kowia dragged himself away, and faithful Abraham helped him to the place of graves. There he lay down, and died immediately.

As Mr. Paton lay alone, he thought, "There will be one Tannese in heaven anyway. How rejoiced I shall be to meet him there! A noble life he lived and he was victorious in death, and he was once a cannibal chief! What power in the gospel! How I long for more such converts among the Tannese!"

## CHAPTER VII

### “JEHOVAH IS HEARING”

Back in the colonial times of America in the days of Lexington and Bunker Hill there were minutemen—men who were to be ready to join the army on a minute's notice. Mr. Paton had to be a minuteman in many ways, and especially in sending a prayer up to God in times of danger.

One day as he was teaching a boy he noticed a man stealing a blind from the window. When he interfered, the fellow aimed his great club at Mr. Paton. The minute-missionary dodged, seized the big end of the club, and held it with *both* hands with all his might. He sent a prayer-telegram up to God, and then spoke kindly to the man. Surprized and ashamed, the fellow went away. God had sent back the answer.

Mr. Paton was a man of great courage, else he would not have remained where his life was so often in danger. He had courage because he trusted in God. He believed God was always watching him, listening for his cry, and ready to help him.

One day he heard loud bleating among his goats. Rushing to see what was the matter, he found himself face to face with a company of

armed men with weapons raised. It looked as if he would be killed the next minute. But he trusted God, and Jehovah was hearing. He talked with the men kindly and firmly, and then lifted his hands and eyes to heaven and prayed aloud for the Tannese. One by one they slunk away. And Mr. Paton wrote in a letter to a friend, "Did ever a mother run more quickly to protect her crying child in danger's hour, than the Lord Jesus hastens to answer believing prayer and send help to his servants in his own good time and way, so far as it shall be for his glory and their good? A woman may forget her child, yet will not I forget thee, saith the Lord."

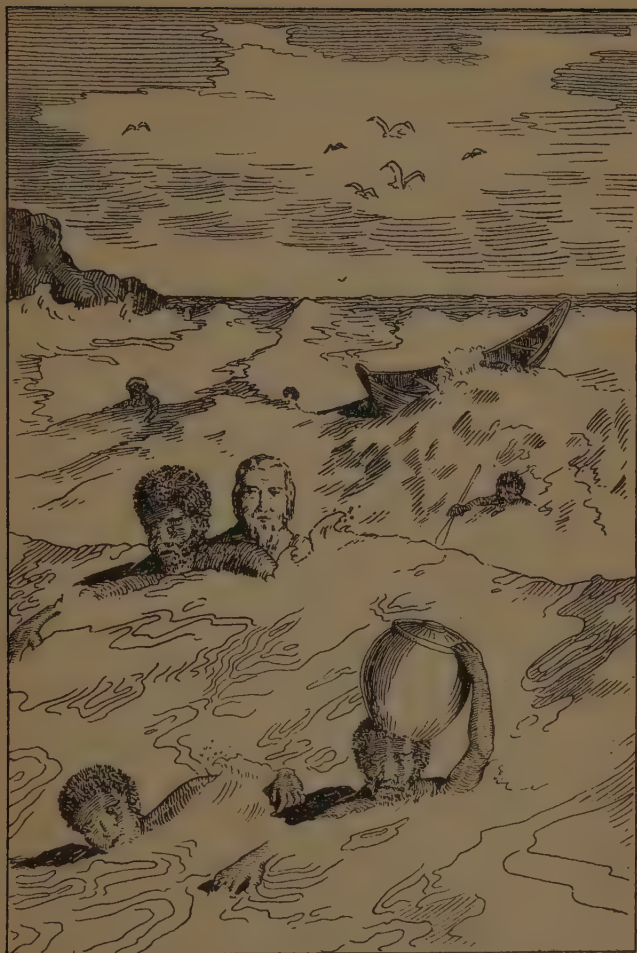
On the other side of Tanna was another mission station, in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Mathieson. They were in poor health, and word came to Mr. Paton that their European food was all gone. He wanted to take them some; but how to do it was a problem. To go by land would be sure death because of war among the inland tribes, and the sea was very rough. But feeling that he must go, he hired Nowar and Manuman, two friendly chiefs, to take him in a canoe.

He filled a large pot with flour, and secured the lid so that it would be watertight. This he fastened in the canoe as far above the water-

line as possible. The other food they took was fastened to their persons. They had a strong crew, all of whom were good swimmers. They crept along near the shore, and were soon drenched with the foam of the breakers. When they were within two miles of the other station, the crew refused to go any farther, and indeed they had worked very hard at their paddles. Mr. Paton was afraid the canoe would be wrecked and all would be in danger by landing there, because the shore was so rocky.

Suddenly the captain burst out, "Missi, hold on! There's a smaller wave coming. We'll ride in now." Mr. Paton's heart rose to the Lord in trembling prayer. The wave came, and every one plied his paddles; and the next moment they were flying like a sea-gull on the crest of the wave toward the shore. In another instant the wave broke on the reef with a mighty roar, and rushed back past them hissing in clouds of foam. Next, the company were seen swimming wildly about in the sea. A strong man, partly swimming, partly wading, got Mr. Paton to the shore. Another strong man brought the pot of flour, and others the canoe and paddles, and everything was safe.

Mr. Paton hired a young man to carry the flour, and went on to Mr. Mathieson's station. He



A strong man, partly swimming, partly wading, got  
Mr. Paton to the shore.



found the Mathieson's in poor health, but of good courage, and doing what they could to enlighten the heathen around them. Mr. Paton rested a few hours and then prepared to start back. He did not dare be gone long from his station for fear of the buildings being broken up, and he had to return by night for fear of being killed. Very sweet was his visit with another white man and a fellow missionary. Both Mr. Paton and Mr. Mathieson wished it might be longer. Mr. Paton spoke of it as a "pleasant blink" amidst their darkness.

The sun went down before he had gone far on his twenty-mile journey, and he could hire no one to go with him. Everybody said he would surely be killed. But he knew it would be quite dark before he got into the district where his enemies lived, and he knew that the heathen were cowardly and were seldom out at night. He went along the shore as fast as he could, walking and running in turns. When he heard voices, he went back into the woods until all was quiet. When he had gone half way, he came to a steep, dangerous path up a great rock, under which the water roared deep. He lifted his heart to Jesus and started up. After he reached the top, to avoid a village he had to crawl slowly along

the edge of that great rock, a thing he could not have done in daylight without much excitement. He said afterward, "I felt that I was supported and guided in all that life-or-death journey by my dear Lord Jesus."

At another place he had to go down a very steep place. He lost the path, and groped about to find it until he was very tired, and all the while he was afraid that in the dense darkness he might stumble and fall over the precipice to his death. And he did not dare lose much time, or daylight would overtake him in an unfriendly region. He knew that at one place the rock was very steep and had little growth on it, and he searched for this place, thinking to commend himself to Jesus and slide down. At high tide the water below at that place was deep, but at low tide he would be able to wade. He found what he thought was the place, and threw down some stones; but they sent no reply. He threw down his umbrella; but no sound returned to his ears. Knowing that his life in any case was in danger, he fastened his clothes tightly around him so that they would not catch on anything, and, after one cry to his Savior, he let himself down by a branch as far as he could and then let go. In describing his experience later he said: "A giddy swirl, as if

flying through the air, took possession of me; a few moments seemed an age; I rushed quickly down and felt no obstruction till my feet struck into the sea below. Adoring and praising my dear Lord Jesus, who had ordered it so, I regained my feet. It was low tide, I had received no injury. I found my umbrella, and, wading through, I found the shore-path much easier than the bush had been."

He did not see any one till he reached a village near his home. At this village, with fish-hooks he hired some young men to guide him to the nearest way to the mission house.

The next day the natives heard how he came home all the way in the dark, and they said, "Surely any of us would have been killed. Your Jehovah God alone protects you thus and brings you safely home." And Mr. Paton answered, "Yes, and he will be your protector and helper too if only you will obey and trust in him."

There had been dangers in plenty through all the three years that Mr. Paton had been on Tanna, but things were getting worse. Miaki, a cruel and war-loving chief, had always given trouble, but now he seemed more determined to kill Mr. Paton and put an end to the worship of Jehovah. He was stirred up especially because two white traders on the neighboring island of Aniwa refused to come

to Tanna as long as missionaries were there. And Miaki and many other Tannese preferred the muskets and ammunition and tobacco and whisky of the traders to the gospel of the missionary. Moreover, a terrible epidemic of measles swept off nearly a third of the people. Some of the Aneityumese teachers died, and the rest, except Abraham and his wife, discouraged by the sickness and the danger, returned to Aneityum. The Tannese said the missionaries were the cause of the measles. For a long time Mr. Paton seldom took off his clothes at night, for he needed to be ready to start at a moment's notice to save his life.

"I admire your courage and your love for these people, but I think in view of the great danger to your life you should leave at once. I shall be glad to take you to Aneityum, to Australia, or any place you prefer." It was Commodore Seymour speaking. He and two other officers had come ashore from the *John Knox* and two men-of-war that had just arrived.

Mr. Paton answered: "I appreciate with all my heart your very kind and liberal offer, Commodore Seymour. I hardly know what I should do. There are many things to consider. I told you of the dangers I have been in, since you asked me of

that; but there is another side. While some want to kill me, others are friendly and are seeking to know more about the worship of Jehovah. About sixty are attending the worship on Sunday and Wednesday, nine of whom are chiefs. Even Miaki's principal wife and two sons are coming. One young man is coming six miles, not only to the meetings, but also for me to teach him between meetings. They are not Christians yet. You would be shocked at some of the doings and remarks of those that we might call half converted. Not long ago during some tribal wars I heard one of the best ones, a chief, remark, 'When so many children are being killed, why do they not send one for food to me and my family? They are as tender and good as the young fowls.' "

"Mr. Paton, do you mean to say that one who is regularly attending the worship said that?" asked the Commodore.

"Yes," replied the missionary.

"Do you think there is any hope of ever making Christians out of these people?" was the Commodore's next question.

"If you had known Kowia, Commodore Seymour, you would not ask that question. Never was there a more beautiful Christian, and he was once a cannibal. You see, it takes patient labor.

And it seems a pity to leave when some are wanting to learn about the gospel.

"Then too, I know these people now, have learned their language, reduced it to writing, translated a part of the Bible, and some are learning to read. I must tell you about an Inakaki chief who won the prize I offered in my mission school to the first chief who knew the alphabet without a mistake. The prize was a red shirt. He felt very proud of himself and began to teach others, and this is the way he went at it: 'A is a man's legs with the body cut off; B is like two eyes; C is three quarters moon; D is like one eye; E is a man with one club under his feet and another over his head,' and so on through all of it. Then he would say, 'Remember these things; you will soon get hold of the letters and be able to read. I have taught my little child, who can scarcely walk, the names of them all. They are not hard to hold, but soft and easy. You will soon learn to read the Book if you try it with all your heart.'

"To you I suppose it appears that nothing has come from all my labor. But I, looking back to my arrival on Tanna, can see many encouraging things. Besides, here are the buildings—the church, my house, the houses of my helpers, and

on the other side of the island Mr. Mathieson's station. If I should leave now, all that has been expended here in money and in labor would be lost.

"In view of all these things, Commodore Seymour, I can not consent to leave as long as there is any hope of life, though I know the risk is great."

"It would be a great relief to me if you would go aboard with us," said Commodore Seymour, "but if you will stay, is there anything we can do for you?"

"It might help if you would call some of the chiefs together and talk with them," replied Mr. Paton.

The chiefs came in great fear and listened, and made fair promises, and the ships sailed away, leaving brave Mr. Paton alone again.

The fair promises did good for only a little while. There was a great war between inland people and the shore people. Miaki and his people fled and took shelter around the mission premises, thus putting Mr. Paton in a very dangerous situation. As the balls flew thick all around him and the bush rang with the terrible yell of the war-cry, all he could do was to pray. Miaki sent messengers to certain districts for them to come to help him fight Mr. Paton and the Tannese who were friendly to the worship. "Let us cook his



body and Abraham's, and distribute them to every village this side of the island," was a part of the message. But all the while Miaki assured Mr. Paton a friendly message had been sent. Old Chief Nowar defended Mr. Paton until he had a spear broken in his right knee. Then the inland people fired at the mission house and beat against the wall with their clubs. They broke into the store-house and Abraham's house, tore Mr. Paton's books to pieces, and carried off all they wanted, including boat, mast, sail, and oars. Then they rushed to the bedroom in which Mr. Paton and Abraham and his wife had located themselves, firing muskets, yelling, and trying to break it in.

One chief came to the window and said, "O Missi, I am sorry for you. Come to the window. I want to tell you something." But when he saw Mr. Paton he sent a tomahawk through the window, crying, "Come on, let us kill him now." He raised his tomahawk aiming it at Mr. Paton's forehead and several muskets were raised. Mr. Paton raised a harmless revolver in his right hand. A visiting missionary had insisted on leaving it, saying that the sight of it might save his life some time. The men, on seeing the revolver, dropped to the ground, crying, "Missi has a short musket. He will shoot you all." After lying

flat on the ground for a while, they ran to the bush, and toward night went home. Again Jehovah was hearing and taking care.

In the evening Mr. Paton went to Miaki, who professed great sorrow at what had happened, and said, "I have given them a present of food so they will do you no more harm." But Nowar had informed Mr. Paton that Miaki had hired them to come next morning to kill Mr. Paton and plunder everything.

By and by Miaki said, "Missi, where was Jehovah today? There was no Jehovah today to protect you. It's all lies about Jehovah."

Mr. Paton said, "Surely, when you had planned all this, Jehovah did protect us, or we should not be here."

He replied, "We have no fear of Jehovah. We have no fear of any man-of-war. We fear nothing. The talk of all Tanna is that we will kill you and seize all of your property tomorrow."

Mr. Paton sent Abraham to consult Nowar. Nowar sent a canoe and advised that some of the things be moved to his village in the night. In doing this work not a candle could be lighted for fear the missionary party would be seen and shot at. As daylight came on, Mr. Paton saw an army of howling armed savages rush down the hill on the other side of the bay and make straight

toward the mission house. He knew there was not a minute to lose. As long as there was any hope, he was ready to stay; but now to stay was just to throw his life away.

Mr. Paton picked up his Bible, a few translations, and a light pair of blankets and fled. It was a bitter experience to leave his wife's piano, silver, books, and other things that her parents had provided for her, besides all else that he had in the world. The missionary party ran as fast as they could to Nowar's village. They found the village in great terror, for these people too saw the great army. Mr. Paton told them to ply their axes and block the path. They worked for a while; but when as far as they could see they saw the shore filled with armed men, they gave up in despair. Some cast themselves onto the ground, some knocked their heads against the trees.

Nowar himself sat on an inverted canoe where he could see the men approaching, and said to Mr. Paton, "Missi, sit down beside me and pray to our Jehovah God, for if he does not send deliverance now we are all dead men. Pray, and I will watch." Mr. Paton did not need Nowar to tell him to pray. He prayed as earnestly as he knew how to, and he believed that God had power to protect in that hour. When the savages were

about three hundred yards away, Nowar touched Mr. Paton's knee, and said, "Missi, Jehovah is hearing! They are all standing still." They stood still for a while, then turned and marched slowly back in silence. Nowar and his men in great joy shouted, "Jehovah has heard Missi's prayer!" Mr. Paton with all his heart thanked God for this wonderful deliverance.

That night Abraham ventured back to the mission house twice to see if it would be possible to save some of the valuable things and to get changes of clothes. Both times he was surrounded by watchers, but they let him go since the Missi was not there. Mr. Paton would certainly have been killed had he ventured back. He lay all night on the ground in an outhouse of Nowar's, but he could not sleep.

Next day messages came to Nowar that he and his people would be killed for protecting the Missi. Mr. Paton learned, too, that Miaki and his warrior host this day and the day before had been fighting the tribe of which his dear friend Manuman was chief, burning villages and eating the slain. That evening Nowar told Mr. Paton he must leave before morning, and suggested that he sail to Mr. Mathieson's station. How was he to sail when his boat had been stolen by Miaki?

But the danger was so great that Nowar said, "You can not remain longer in my house. My son will guide you to a large chestnut-tree in my plantation in the bush. Climb up into it and remain there until the moon rises."

Being entirely at the mercy of such a doubtful friend as Nowar had in the past shown himself, Mr. Paton felt the only thing to do was to obey. As he sat there in that tree all alone in the bush, he could hear the firing of guns and the yelling of savages. But the Lord drew near to him and comforted him so that he felt as if he were safe in the arms of Jesus. He said afterward that he would be willing to spend another such night in a tree if he could feel his Jesus so near again.

At midnight he was called by Nowar's son and guided to the shore. As he walked along behind his guide he was wondering what to do next. It seemed his life and the life of Abraham and his wife hung on a very slender thread. As he was walking along, he remembered the promises, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee; lo, I am with you alway."

After some most trying experiences he succeeded in hiring a canoe and getting started. But when they left the harbor and got out in the open sea, the waves broke over their canoe, and Abraham

threw down his paddle and said, "Missi, we are all drowned now! We are food for the sharks. We might as well be eaten by the Tannese as by fishes. But God will give us life with Jesus in heaven." Mr. Paton seized the paddle nearest him, ordered Abraham to seize another, and said, "Abraham, where is now your faith in the Lord Jesus? Pray and ply your paddle. Keep up stroke for stroke with me, as our lives depend on it." With very great labor they turned the canoe, and after four hours of struggle reached the smooth water, and about daylight reached the shore exactly where they left it five hours before. Utterly worn out, Mr. Paton threw himself on the ground and went to sleep immediately. Before long he was awakened by some one trying to steal from under his head the bag containing his Bible and translations, the only things he had left in the world.

He and Abraham and his wife knelt and committed themselves to God. Soon Faimungo appeared. He was an inland chief who had always been friendly to Mr. Paton. He said, "Missi, Miaki is not half a mile away. I am going home now, for I do not want to see the murders of this morning."

"Will you let us follow you?" asked Mr. Paton.

"I have only twenty men with me," answered Faimungo, "and if you go with us we shall all likely be killed."

"Run on, then," said Mr. Paton, "and we shall follow of our own accord. We will not ask you to protect us, but you must not betray us." It was necessary to have a guide, as it was not easy to follow the path since the storms.

Off started Faimungo and his men, and Mr. Paton and the Aneityumese followed. When they had gone about four miles they met a party of Miaki's armed men. Faimungo stood by Mr. Paton and, poising his spear, said, "You shall not hurt Missi today." Just after this, though, he ran on with his men, leaving Mr. Paton to face a row of muskets leveled at him. The leader of the party was once a friend of Mr. Paton, and by reminding him of former experiences, the missionary persuaded him to restrain the men.

Hurrying on, they came to the village on the high ground, which the natives called heaven. The sun was extremely hot, the path unshaded, and they were very tired; so they sat down on the public dancing-ground to rest a while. In a few minutes, however, Faimungo started up in wild excitement, for over the mountain above the village was approaching a band of tall and powerful



armed men. Faimungo said to Mr. Paton, "Go on with your Aneityumese while I have a smoke and a talk with these men." But Mr. Paton said, "I will not leave you. If I must die, it will be by your side."

They were surrounded by the enemy. One kept urging another to fire the first shot. The assurance came to Mr. Paton as though a voice spoke from heaven that no gun should be fired to wound him, not a club prevail to strike him, not a spear leave the hand, not an arrow leave the bow, or a killing-stone the fingers, without the permission of Jesus, who had all power in heaven and earth.

Faimungo's men had gone on, and the Aneityumese followed them. Suddenly with a bound Faimungo ran after them too. Mr. Paton followed, keeping as near as he could, and pleading with Jesus to protect him. The host of armed men ran along on either side with their weapons ready. Mr. Paton ran on as if they were his escort. The same God who kept the lions from eating Daniel kept those men from hurting Mr. Paton. They came to a stream crossing the path. All the party made across it with one bound, ran up the other side and disappeared into the bush. Mr. Paton tried to leap, but he slipped back on his hands and knees toward the stream.

Just then he heard a crash overhead, and he knew a branch of a tree had kept a killing-stone from reaching him. Praising God, he scrambled up the slippery bank, and none of his enemies followed him beyond the stream. He found his party resting in the bush and very much surprised to see him alive.

The whole journey was full of peril. They were parched with thirst, but though there were springs, they dared not stoop to drink for fear of being killed. When Faimungo reached his land, he told Mr. Paton the way to Mr. Mathieson's station. When Mr. Paton and his helpers drew near the station, a friend gave them a cocoanut each, for which they were very thankful. They had had nothing to eat that day and very little for the several previous days (for though Nowar got some of the good supplies from Mr. Paton's own mission station, he would not give Mr. Paton anything to eat). They were so weak that only the excitement and struggle for life kept them on their feet. Through it all, neither Abraham nor his wife complained.

Hearing of their coming, Mr. Mathieson came to meet them. He exclaimed, "O Mr. Paton, how I thank God for seeing you alive! I heard

that you had left your station, and I supposed you were killed."

"Mr. Mathieson, when I can tell you of the experiences I have had the last few days you will be still more thankful for my wonderful deliverance. Our God surely hears and answers prayer," replied Mr. Paton.

During the few remaining weeks on Tanna, Mr. Paton and Mr. Mathieson did all they could in preaching to the natives, though their lives were constantly in great danger. They had service each Sunday at the mission house, and in the afternoon conducted short services in the villages near by.

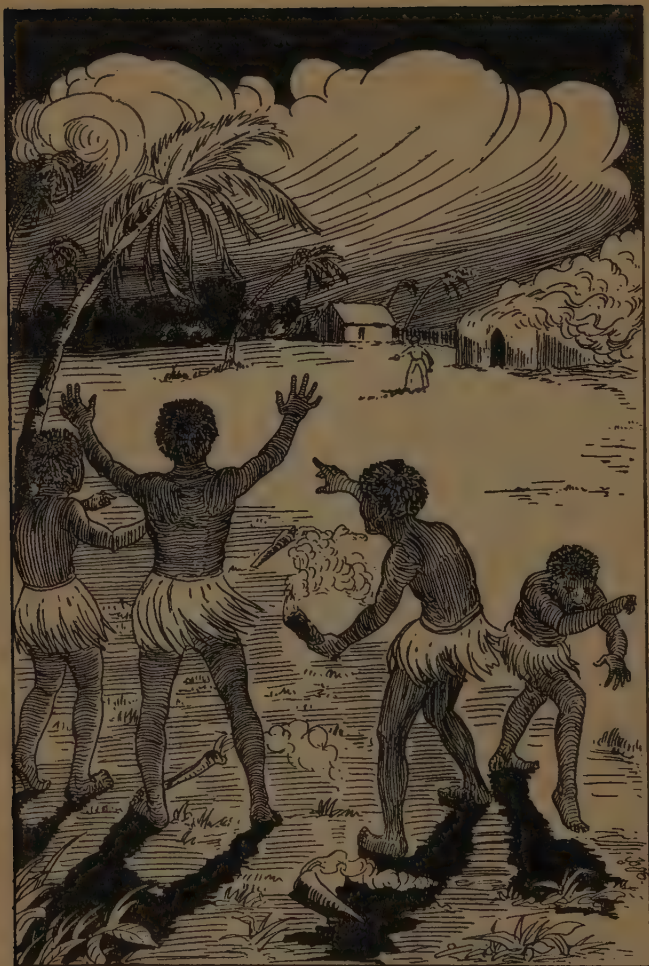
One Sunday a boy took Mr. Paton's hand as if he wished to lead him, and a big savage insisted on going too, behind Mr. Paton. Mr. Mathieson persuaded the savage to walk in front of him, and he kept a close watch. At a turn in the road, the savage lifted his huge club to strike Mr. Paton on the head; but Mr. Mathieson caught it from behind, at the same time screaming to Mr. Paton, who wheeled instantly, and both together they wrested the club from the man.

Another Sunday the people of a certain village planned to kill Mr. Paton on his return to the mission house, but God put it in Mr. Paton's heart to return by another way.

One day a number of the savages came to the mission house and compelled Mrs. Mathieson to show them through the mission premises. Mr. Paton had, fortunately, shut himself up in a closet-room to write. The enemies were disappointed again for not having a chance to kill Mr. Paton. This was another deliverance of the Lord's planning.

At ten o'clock one night Mr. Paton was awakened by his faithful dog, which had remained with him through the loss of all else. The good man knew that danger was near. He quietly awakened Mr. and Mrs. Mathieson, and they three engaged in earnest, silent prayer, at the same time keeping a watch on the enemies prowling around outside. All at once the room was filled with a glare of light from the torches brought to set the buildings on fire. The church was soon going up in flames, and the fire was approaching the house by a reed fence.

Mr. Paton knew it would be only a few minutes until the house would be on fire. He said to Mr. Mathieson, "Let me out, and shut the door after me quickly." Mr. Mathieson answered, "You will surely be killed. Remain here and let us die together." But the brave man would not be persuaded. Arming himself with a broken



"Surely Jehovah is fighting for them! Let us away!"

revolver and a tomahawk, he went out. He cut the reed fence and threw it back, thus keeping the fire from the house.

This done, Mr. Paton saw shadows flitting about him, on the ground. He started back, but found himself surrounded by seven or eight men with large clubs. He pointed his revolver at them and told them God would punish them if they struck him. Each kept urging the other to strike first.

Then something happened. God is powerful, and he can work in many ways. A rushing, roaring sound came from the south, and every head was turned in that direction. They knew by previous hard experience that it was the approach of an awful tornado of wind and rain. The wind came from the direction that would cause it to blow the flames away from the mission house. Of course, it caused the church to be destroyed in a few minutes, but it brought a cloud that let out such a torrent of rain as made setting fire to the house well nigh impossible.

The savages, horror-stricken, cried, "This is Jehovah's rain. Surely Jehovah is fighting for them. Let us away." They threw down their remaining torches, and in a few minutes all had escaped to the bush, leaving Mr. Paton alone, to praise God for his marvelous works. As Mr.



Mathieson opened the door, he exclaimed, "If ever in time of need God sent help and protection to his servants in answer to prayer, he has done so tonight."

The next morning friends came weeping around the missionaries; but the enemies were loudly rejoicing. The noise of their shouting could be heard as they neared the mission, determined to kill all the missionaries. But when the excitement was at the highest pitch, there came a cry, "Sail O! Sail O!" And in very truth the "Blue Bell" was appearing.

Mr. Paton set fire to some reeds to draw the attention of the ship; also he put a black shawl on one end of the house and a white sheet on the other. He had left letters with Nowar to give to any ships calling at Port Resolution, requesting the captain to call at Mr. Mathieson's station to rescue the mission party. The traders had received the letters; but they were so heartless that for a little ammunition and tobacco they bought the things left in Mr. Paton's house and then passed on to Aneityum, reporting that Mr. Paton had left his station and was believed to have been murdered. This Mr. Paton learned after his rescue. He saw some of the men of the "Blue Bell" wearing his clothes. The "Blue Bell" had been sent by the



missionaries on Aneityum specially to rescue the missionaries on Tanna if yet alive. Soon all were on board sailing for Aneityum.

Three years and a half Mr. Paton spent on Tanna. In the darkest times he did not doubt that the victory would be on the side of Jesus, but he sometimes feared he would never live to see or hear of that happy day; but he did. The time came when a church was raised up on Tanna and other missionaries sang with the Tannese the praises of God and partook of the Lord's Supper "amid the very scenes and people where the seeds of faith and hope were planted, not only in tears, but in tears of blood—"in deaths oft." "

Jehovah heard the prayers of Mr. Paton, and Jehovah is hearing today the earnest cries of his children.

## CHAPTER VIII

### TO AUSTRALIA AND SCOTLAND, AND BACK

The missionaries on Aneityum anxiously awaited the return of the "Blue Bell." Would it bring the rescued missionaries, or the sad news that they were murdered? When the vessel arrived, Mr. Paton and the others were received with much rejoicing.

What was to be the next step? The missionaries on Aneityum said to Mr. Paton, "You have gone through so many hard things that you are nearly broken in health. We think a visit to Australia would do you much good. Besides, we need more money and missionaries for these islands. If you would go and speak to the churches, you could get much help for our mission."

Mr. Paton answered, "A little rest here with you would put me in good health again. I do not like leaving these poor, darkened islanders. Besides, I do not know any one in Australia, and perhaps I could not get opportunities to speak."

The missionaries replied, "We can give you a letter of introduction to a minister there, and with all the thrilling experiences you have had you can surely make very interesting speeches. As to leav-

ing these people, they will have more work done for them if you bring more missionaries than if you remain here."

As a trading-vessel in the harbor was sailing directly for Australia in a few days, Mr. Paton decided to go on it. A miserable trip it was because of the brutal captain. Mr. Paton had to occupy part of his time making a shirt for himself of a piece of cloth he got on Aneityum, so that he would have a change of shirts.

The first week in Australia was most discouraging. In those days missionaries were not so popular as they are now. No minister would give him opportunity to speak. On the second Sunday afternoon he started out to walk he did not know where. He prayed as he went. By and by he saw some children going into a church, and he followed them. When the minister had finished his talk to them, Mr. Paton went to him and said, "May I please have ten minutes to speak to the children? I am a missionary from the New Hebrides Islands." He was given fifteen minutes, and the minister was so pleased with the talk that he asked Mr. Paton to speak in the evening service. After that Mr. Paton was in great demand, and he spoke to many churches and Sunday-schools.

Mr. Paton got the idea of raising money for a mission ship to carry missionaries from one island to another, to take supplies, and to rescue missionaries who might be in danger. This ship was to be paid for by Sunday-school children, who were to be shareholders. It was to be their ship doing missionary work. Older people, of course, gave money, too. Soon Mr. Paton saw he was getting enough money to have a bigger ship than he at first thought of. More money came, and more money—enough to bring some more missionaries from Scotland. But some one would need to go there to speak about the missionary work to stir other persons to come.

Should he go to Scotland? It would be pleasant to see his homeland again, and his parents and brothers and sisters and friends. But there was a stronger drawing than all these—those cannibals that he had left. He loved them, and how he pitied them in their cruelty and fear and darkness! What he wanted to do most was to go back to them at once and do all he could to bring light to them. His whole heart was in missionary work. He could say, "This one thing I do, work for these savages, trusting God to help me." He was much perplexed about going to Scotland. The voyage took a long time in those

days. Finally, in view of getting more missionaries he decided to go.

He did not stay in London to see any of the great sights there, but took the first train he could get to Glasgow. There he arranged for a meeting with the missionary committee; then he left on the next train he could get for his home village. How glad he was to see his beloved parents again! The meeting brought a memory of sadness, though. The last time he had seen his parents his young bride was with him; but now she with the little son was buried in a far-away island. He visited her parents, too, and found them still bowed down with grief over the loss of their daughter.

Mr. Paton was much cheered by the warm welcome the churches gave him. In Scotland also the children helped with the new ship. He spent a few months speaking in churches here and there. He succeeded in getting four new missionaries from Scotland and three from Nova Scotia. These did not return with him, but waited for more training.

While in Scotland he was married to Miss Whitecross, a very capable and godly young woman, who was much interested in missionary work.

The last place he visited before leaving Scotland

was his home. He was very much touched as they knelt around the family altar for the last time, and his father, with his snow-white locks hanging down on his shoulders, prayed earnestly for the heathen and especially for his son and bride as they went forth to their great and hazardous undertaking. Mr. Paton felt sure it was the last time they would ever meet in this world. And it was. Knowing the great dangers their son had already faced on the mission-field, it was a little harder for these aged parents to see him go this time than the first. However, they gave him freely, though it cost them bitter pain. His mother held heart until he had gone, then fell back into the arms of another son with a great cry as if her heart-strings had broken and she lay for a while in a swoon. Many a noble Christian mother has suffered for a good cause since that blessed mother of Jesus had a sword pierce her own soul. (See Luke 2: 35.) What would happen to the world if there were not such mothers!

Mr. Paton had to stay a while in Australia on his return, so that four years passed between his departure from Aneityum and his return. He had the great joy of returning to Aneityum on the "Dayspring," the new mission ship. He would

have been glad though to return on any kind of ship, so eager was he to get back to his work.

The missionaries gathered at a meeting on Aneityum advised Mr. Paton not to go again to Tanna, but to Aniwa, a little island near Tanna. In going to this island they stopped at Tanna. As the vessel sailed into the harbor, many memories crowded into Mr. Paton's mind. The old chief Nowar came out to see them and begged them to stay. He invited them on shore to see his plantations. Thinking they were not staying because the new wife was afraid, he said to her, having Mr. Paton to interpret, "Plenty of food! While I have a yam or a banana, you shall not want."

She answered, "I do not fear lack of food."

Pointing to his warriors, he said, "We are many. We are strong. We can always protect you."

"I am not afraid," she replied.

He then led to that tree in which Mr. Paton had passed part of that dreadful night and said, "The God who protected Missi there will always protect you."

She said, "We must go on to Aniwa now. Some time we may return to Tanna."

Nowar seemed much disappointed, and it was hard for Mr. Paton to go on and leave him. It



happened that an Aniwan chief was then on Tanna who was going back home on the "Dayspring." To this chief, Nowar went, took his white shells, the insignia of chieftainship, off his own arm, and bound them on the Aniwan chief's arm, saying as he did so, "By these you promise to protect my missionary and his wife and child on Aniwa. Let no evil befall them; or by this pledge I and my people will revenge it."

The "Dayspring" sailed away to Aniwa, a little coral island about nine miles long and three and a half miles wide.

## CHAPTER IX

### FIRST MONTHS ON ANIWA

On Aniwa, Mr. Paton, now forty-three years old, had to begin all over again—to build the mission house, to learn the language, and to get acquainted with the people. The Aniwans were cannibals too, and fierce and cruel, though perhaps not quite so bad as the Tannese.

Mr. and Mrs. Paton and their little child lived in a one-room hut until a house could be built. The hut had no doors nor windows, only open spaces. Boxes served as tables and chairs, and cooking was done outside under a tree. When the family sat to eat, all the natives in the neighborhood came to watch them.

Remembering his hard experience on Tanna, Mr. Paton chose a high place for his house. From the very highest place on the island Tanna could be seen, but the natives would not let him have that place. So he chose another high place nearer the shore. In leveling the site in preparation for building, he found two basketfuls of human bones. On asking the natives how these came to be there, he received this reply: "We are not like Tanna men. We do not eat the bones."

The work of building the house and other nec-

essary buildings was no small task. The natives could hardly be persuaded to work. They would say, "The conduct of the men of Aniwa is to stand by, or sit and look on, while their women do the work." If they wanted fish-hooks, or calico for tying their whiplash hair, they would carry a beam or a coral rock.

The first steps in learning the language were similar to those on Tanna. A few of the people knew Tannese, and that was a great help.

The art of writing was of course entirely unknown to these wild people. One day as Mr. Paton was working on the house, he needed some tools that were in the hut. He picked up a small, smooth piece of wood, wrote the message on it, and told a man to take it to Mrs. Paton. The man said, "But what do you want?" He was told that the wood would tell her. He could hardly be persuaded to go, and all the way his mind was puzzled. He was not a little surprised when Mrs. Paton looked at the wood and then got the tools. All the way back his mind was filled with wonder because a piece of wood could speak. When he got back to Mr. Paton, he made signs for an explanation. Mr. Paton explained to him and said, "In this same way, God speaks to us through his Book. By and by, if you will learn

to read, you will hear God speaking to you just as Mrs. Paton heard me from the piece of wood." Then the man had a great desire to see the Word of God printed in his own language, and he became very enthusiastic in helping Mr. Paton to learn new words.

Whenever an Aniwan began to wear a little calico or a kilt, or began to pray, though he might be yet far from salvation, Mr. Paton rejoiced. As soon as he could speak a little to them in their language, he visited different villages and talked to the people about Jesus and his love. Usually his wife and an Aneityumese teacher, and sometimes a friendly native, would go with him on these visits. Some attended the services with loaded guns, and sometimes they tried to kill the missionaries; but God protected his servants. Mr. Paton would sometimes give beads and fish-hooks to the children to show that his object was kind and not selfish. These visits helped to gain the confidence of the people.

The first Aniwan who came to a knowledge of the love of Jesus was the old Chief Namekei. One day he brought his little girl, Litsi, the queen of her tribe, to Mr. Paton and asked him to train her for Jesus. The chief's brother brought his daughter also. The mothers of both were dead.

These two little girls reported all they saw to their fathers, and the news of the work spread rapidly. It was not long until many of the children were living at the mission premises. Mr. Paton built homes for them, one for the boys on one side of the mission house, and one for the girls on the other side. Often these children warned the missionaries of plots and saved their lives.

Along with dangerous experiences Mr. Paton had some funny ones. For some days while working at the building he noticed a man lurking about, tomahawk in hand. One day Mr. Paton asked him, "Do you wish to speak with me?"

"Yes," replied the man, "if you will be my friend now, I will be your friend forever. I want to get married, and I want you to help me."

Mr. Paton answered: "You know all the marriages are arranged when the little girls are babies, and if I should interfere with any of these betrothals, my life would be in danger."

Then said Nelwang, "But I want to marry Yakin, the chief widow of an inland village, and that would break no infant betrothals. The difficulty is that there are thirty young men in this village who have no wives, and each one wants Yakin. And the twenty-nine would kill the one who would dare to take the wealthy widow. She

would be willing to marry me, for one day I met her on the path and told her I would like to have her for my wife, and she took off her ear-rings and gave them to me. That is a sure sign that she loves me. Now put yourself in my place and tell me how you would act."

It was all very amusing to Mr. Paton; but to show himself friendly and to avoid bloodshed, he entered into the matter and advised the lover. It was finally planned that while two friends acted as guards, Nelwang should carry off his bride in the night and escape to the bush.

The next morning as soon as the people of the village found that Yakin was gone, they sent messengers to the surrounding villages to search for her; but she could not be found. Then they destroyed her property in revenge and made a great uproar for three days. On the third day Mr. Paton came upon the scene and quieted them.

Some days afterward Nelwang appeared at the mission house and said that he and his bride had kept hidden and were living on cocoanuts gathered at night. He added, "I come now to fulfil my promise. I will help you, and Yakin will help Missi Paton, the woman, and we will be your friends. Will you let us come tomorrow morning?"

The offer was accepted, and in this strange way God provided his servants two good, faithful helpers. They clung close to the missionaries, partly through fear of attack and partly from affection. Each of them could handle both musket and tomahawk, which, though laid aside, were never far away. It was not every enemy who cared to take issues with Nelwang and his bride.

After a week had passed, Mr. Paton, having noticed that these two helpers were interested in the gospel, invited them to attend the public service on Sunday to show that they intended to stand together as husband and wife and to let the people understand they must accept the position. As the bell ceased ringing, Nelwang entered, dressed in shirt and kilt and carrying a tomahawk. He sat as near Mr. Paton as he could, and soon smiled to him and looked toward the door as if to say, *Yakin is coming.*

Now, the first outward difference between a heathen and a Christian was that a Christian wore clothes while a heathen wore none. It seemed that Yakin wanted to show how much of a Christian she was by the great amount of clothes she would wear. She came in dressed in every article of European apparel (mostly men's clothes) that she could beg or borrow about the premises. Her bridal-gown



was a man's drab-colored overcoat, put on over her native grass skirt, and sweeping down to her heels, buttoned tight. Over this she had hung a vest, and above that, most amazing of all, she had put a pair of men's trousers, drawing the body over her head, and leaving a leg dangling gracefully over each of her shoulders and streaming down her back. Fastened to the one shoulder was a red shirt, and to the other a striped shirt, waving about her like wings as she sailed along. Around her head a red shirt had been twisted like a turban, and her notions of art demanded that a sleeve thereof should hang aloft over each of her ears. The day was very hot, and the perspiration poured over her face in streams. She too sat as near Mr. Paton as she could, on the women's side. Nelwang would look at her and then at Mr. Paton as if to say, "You never saw in all your white world a bride so grandly dressed." Mr. Paton was so much amused that he could hardly go through with the service. Partly from amusement and partly from pity at the sight of that sweltering bride, he made the service short. The day ended in peace, and the two were very happy.

Yakin learned to read and write, and became an excellent teacher in the Sunday-school. She also learned to sing, and she led the singing in meetings

when Mrs. Paton could not be present. Nelwang also was a faithful helper. These two were among the first converts, and were among the most spiritual in the church.

It was very difficult to get fresh water on Aniwa. The natives often chewed sugar-cane to quench their thirst, and the milk of the cocoanut was a great boon. The missionaries missed water far more than did the natives; for the latter used very little in cooking, less for bathing (for they usually bathed in the sea), and none whatever for washing clothes.

Mr. Paton resolved to sink a well near the mission premises. It was doubtful if he should find water at all; and if water be found, it would probably be salty. But he trusted in God, and hoped that the higher wisdom would direct him in choosing the proper spot.

He said to an old chief one day, "I am going to sink a well to see if God will send us fresh water from below."

The old chief, with pity in his voice, replied, "O Missi, wait till the rain comes down, and we will save all we can for you."

But Mr. Paton said, "We may die for lack of water. And if we can not get fresh water we

must leave you. In my country fresh water comes springing up from below."

The old chief grew more tender in his tones and cried: "O Missi, your head is going wrong. You are losing something or you would not talk wild like that. Don't let our people hear you talking about going down into the earth for rain, or they will never listen to your word or believe you again."

However, Mr. Paton proceeded with his task, while men stood about saying, "Poor Missi! That's the way with all who go mad. There's no driving of a notion out of their heads."

This digging away was not easy work under a tropical sun, and the missionary became very tired. A scheme came to his mind. He went into the house and brought some fish-hooks. He promised one to every man who would take three buckets of dirt out of that hole. The men were eager to accept this offer, and the well became deeper and deeper. Then one night when the well was twelve feet deep it caved in.

The old chief then pleaded again with Mr. Paton to give up this mad freak. He said, "Fish-hooks will no more persuade any man to help, for they do not want to be buried."

Mr. Paton now set his brain to work to think

of another plan to get help. And that brain that had to devise new ways so often did not fail him now. He made a crude pulley arrangement, and natives were hired to pull the rope lifting the buckets of dirt from the well. None but Mr. Paton would go down into that hole. When he had reached a depth of thirty feet he noticed the coral rocks were damp, and he believed water was near. He told the chief he expected water the next day, and received this answer: "No, Missi; you will never see rain coming up from the earth on this island. We wonder what is to be the end of this mad work of yours. We expect daily, if you reach water, to see you drop through into the sea, and the sharks will eat you."

The next day Mr. Paton made a narrow hole in the center about two feet deep, and water rushed up. He tasted it, and his cup fell from his hands for joy; for there was fresh water! When he had praised the Lord, and his excitement was a little calmed, he filled a jug which he had taken down empty in the sight of all, and went up to show the rain God had sent from the well.

The old chief shook it and touched it to make sure it was really water. When he tasted it, he exclaimed, "Rain, rain! yes it is rain! But where did you get it?"

Though every man could climb the tallest coconut tree as swiftly and fearlessly as a squirrel, not one had the courage to walk to the edge of the well and look in. They made a long line, and held one another's hands firmly as the first in the line bent cautiously over the well. Then he took his place in the rear, letting each have a turn until all had seen the wonder of wonders to them.

When they learned that water would be in the well all the time and that they might use of it, they asked if there was anything they could do. Mr. Paton told them the well would have to be lined with a wall, or it would cave in again. No sooner had he told them they might bring coral rocks from the seashore, than they were off to the task. After the wall was finished, the well was covered with a wooden floor, and a windlass and bucket arranged. This well proved a very great blessing. Every visitor to the island was taken to see this great wonder.

Afterward the natives made six or seven attempts to sink wells; but either they came to coral rocks which they could not pierce, or the water they found was salty. They would say, "Missi used not only pick and spade, but he prayed and cried to his God. We have learned to dig, but not

how to pray, and therefore Jehovah will not give us the rain from below."

After the well was finished, the chief who had told Mr. Paton the fiftieth time that it was foolishness to expect rain from below came to him and said, "Missi, I think I could help you next Sunday. Will you let me preach a sermon on the well?"

"Yes," Mr. Paton at once replied, "if you will bring all the people to hear you."

He promised to try, and when Sunday came a great number gathered, curious to hear what the chief would say. He came dressed in shirt and kilt, and carrying his tomahawk, which he often swung to give emphasis to his words. This was his sermon:

"Men and women and children of Aniwa, listen to my words. Since Missi came here, he has talked many strange things we could not understand—things all too wonderful; and we said regarding many of them that they must be lies. But of all his wonderful stories, we thought the strangest was about sinking down through the earth to get rain. Then we said to each other, 'The man's head is turned; he's gone mad.' But the Missi prayed on and wrought on, telling us that Jehovah God heard and saw and would give rain. Was

he mad? Has he not got the rain deep down in the earth? We mocked at him, but the water was there all the same. We have laughed at other things Missi told us because we could not see them. But from this day I believe that all he tells us about his Jehovah God is true.

“Something here in my heart tells me that the Jehovah God does exist, the Invisible One, whom we never heard of nor saw till the Missi brought him to our knowledge. The coral has been removed, the land has been cleared away, and lo! the water rises. Invisible to this day, yet all the same it was there, though our eyes were too weak. So I, your chief, do now firmly believe that when I die, when the bits of coral and the heaps of dust are removed which now blind my old eyes, I shall then see the Invisible God with my soul, as Missi tells me, not less surely than I have seen the rain from below. Henceforth I am a follower of Jehovah God.

“Let every man that thinks with me go now and fetch the idols of Aniwa, the gods which our fathers feared, and cast them down at Missi’s feet. Let us burn, and bury, and destroy these things of wood and stone, and let us be taught by the Missi how to serve the God who can hear, the Jehovah who gave us this well, and who will give



us every other blessing; for he sent his Son Jesus to die and bring us to heaven."

The sermon had a wonderful effect. That very afternoon the chief and a number of his people brought their idols. There was great excitement in the following weeks. Company after company came bringing their idols. Some were burned, some buried in deep pits, and some were cast into the sea. To be sure, there were some who did not give up their idols willingly. Some became angry when Mr. Paton would not pay them for their idols, and took them home again. But the back of heathenism was broken.

The people from that time flocked to the meetings and listened eagerly to the story of Jesus. They asked grace at meals and had family worship. No doubt, those prayers were often queer and mixed with heathen ideas; but they were to the true God. The family prayer and grace at meals were outward things that the people noticed in the Paton home, and so they associated these things with being Christians. If a man did not have family prayer, he was not counted a Christian.

Many changes took place. No more did Mr. Paton have to put up with chirping of chickens, squealing of pigs, and barking of pups in the meet-

ings; for now the people could leave them at home with little fear of their being stolen.

By and by there was no more heathen worship on the island, and every Aniwan became a worshiper of the true God. Mr. Paton's heart overflowed with joy as victory after victory was gained. But he did not consider his work done even after all claimed to be worshipers of God. They had very much to learn as to how they must live to please Jesus and Mr. Paton must teach them. Also he wanted to teach them to read, so that they could become strong Christians through reading the Bible. And there was the work of translating the Bible into their language.

He at first translated only portions of the Bible that would be of most benefit to the Aniwans until he could translate the whole Bible. Chief Namekei faithfully helped him in this, and also in the printing. Morning after morning he would ask if the Book would speak yet. At last Mr. Paton could say yes. He took the Book and read to the chief. The old man shouted for joy, and cried, "It does speak, and it speaks my language, too. Give it to me." He took the Book, turned it in every way, pressed it to his bosom, and closed it with a look of disappointment, saying, "I can not make it speak, it will never speak to me."

Mr. Paton told him that was because he did not know how to read yet. He was eager to learn. But when trying to read he so strained his eyes at the page that Mr. Paton suspected he could not see well. He fitted him with a pair of glasses. At first the chief was afraid to put them on; but after he did and could see so well, he remarked, "This is what you said about Jesus. He opened the eyes of a blind man. He sent me these glass eyes."

Then Mr. Paton took his pupil outside and made A B C in the sand, and told the chief to see how many of them he could find in a page of the Book. Before long he came to Mr. Paton and said, "I have lifted up A B C. They are here in my head, and I will hold them fast. Give me other three." And so he kept on until he learned them all, and could read. He came to Mr. Paton so much for help that he learned the Book by heart before he could really read it. He would often read to others and encourage them to learn, saying, "If an old man like me can learn to read, you can."

Music also was a wonder to them. One day Namekei's wife came to the door of the mission house and saw Mrs. Paton at the harmonium playing and singing. Suddenly she ran away. The

Patons thought she ran from fright; but it was not that. She came back with all the women and girls of the village, telling them to come and hear the box sing. Ever after that the sound of the box singing attracted people to meeting.

Namekei's wife also learned to read; but she was never a clever pupil. Her eyesight was poor, too, and Mr. Paton gave her a pair of glasses. At first she was in terror of putting them on her face, but afterwards she exclaimed, "Oh, my new eyes! I have the sight of a little girl. I will learn hard now."

For several days Mr. Paton noticed no one was coming to the mission house. He wondered about it, and on inquiring learned that Youwili had made a tabu around the mission house. The Aniwans were in great fear of crossing a tabu, for they thought it meant death to some one in the family. Mr. Paton destroyed the tabu with his own hands and told the people to come to the mission house without fear.

Some days later Youwili came and cut down the fence in front of the mission house and also some of the banana-trees. This was to let the missionaries know that in like manner he would cut them down when he had the opportunity.

Mr. Paton told the Aniwans they must control

this foolish fellow, or the missionary and his family would have to leave. This was always a powerful argument since many of the Aniwans had come to love the missionaries so much. They said they would find Youwili and punish him, but what punishment were they to give him? They did not yet know very much about Christian ways of doing things. They suggested killing him, drowning him, beating him, burning his plantation. But to all these Mr. Paton said no. "How then shall we punish him?" they asked. Mr. Paton suggested that they make him build again the fence he destroyed. This amused them greatly, but they said it was good.

They found Youwili and told him their sentence. He promised to build the fence the next day. He was faithful to his promise and made the fence better than it was before. He kept working, though some passing by would laugh at him and say, "You found it easier to destroy Missi's fence than to build it up again."

Youwili was a young man who seemed untouched by the gospel. All the efforts put forth for his salvation availed nothing. But after he built the fence, Mr. Paton thought perhaps a little light was coming into his soul and he decided to pray at a certain time every day for him. He

asked others to pray too; for he had the true missionary heart that made him love this man and yearn for his salvation.

Weeks passed, and no change was seen in Youwili. But one day as Mr. Paton with two boys was bringing a cart-load of coral blocks from the seashore, Youwili came rushing to the road and said, "Let me help you. This is too hard work for you." He was really changed. His sullen face was changed to a shining one. His wife came for a book and a dress, saying: "Youwili sent me. His opposition to the worship is over now. I am to attend church and school. He is coming, too. He wants to learn how to be strong like you for Jesus."

As Mr. Paton looked back over his first year on Aniwa, he could only rejoice at the wonderful workings of God. He was very happy to be just where he was. Of course, back in Scotland, he could have a better home and more-polished friends, but he was perfectly content among the simple Aniwans. He had worked hard during this year; yes, very hard, as builder, well-digger, learner of a language, preacher, and teacher. But how gladly he would do it all again for the privilege of having a part in changing one cannibal into a Christian! And he had seen many changed during this year.

And if he had not come, these Aniwans very likely would still be in darkness. He said to himself, "Truly the greatest happiness comes from being where the Lord wants you to be, bringing souls to him."

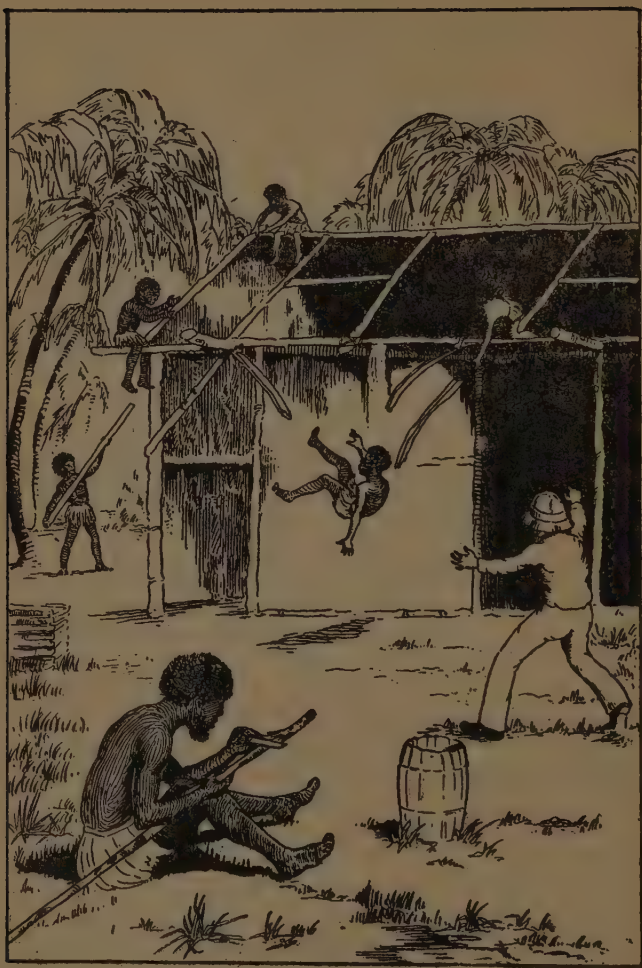


## CHAPTER X

### CHURCH AND SCHOOL ON ANIWA

Mr. Paton used for meetings the hut he lived in when he first came to the island, and when he went to the villages he spoke in the shade of a tree or on the Public Ground. By and by he thought it was time to build a church; and he thought the natives should build it, instead of having the money sent by Christians in his homeland. He called them together and laid the matter before them, being careful to explain that for this work no one should be paid, but that every one must build purely for the love of Jesus. He said to them, "You must not begin to build until you divide the work among the chiefs and their tribes and see that you can go through with it. I will do all I can to direct and help and will furnish rope and nails."

They held meeting after meeting. Chiefs made long speeches. They decided to build the church, only one chief on the island refusing to help. Thatch of sugar-cane leaf was prepared by the women, and trees were cut by the men. The work went on well and without accident, except that one big fellow fell from the roof. But he jumped up and shook himself, saying, "I was working for



One big fellow fell from the roof

Jehovah. He has saved me from being hurt." He climbed up again and went on with his work.

All felt so proud of their new church. But the first year a hurricane blew it all down. There was much wailing. But a chief said to a large crowd, "Let us not weep like boys over their broken bows and arrows. Let us be strong and build yet a stronger church for Jehovah." So they went to work again, and it was not long till the church was finished. And this time the chief helped who refused to help before.

The Aniwans had so much to learn, and Mr. Paton did not want to baptize any until he felt sure they knew what they were doing. When he had been there three years, after a very careful examination he thought twelve were really ready for baptism. On the same day he baptized them he observed with them the Lord's Supper. It was a wonderful day, both to him and to the Aniwans—to the Aniwans because all was so new and strange; to him because of his great joy. When he saw the black hands, once stained with the blood of cannibalism, reaching out to receive the bread and wine, emblems of the loving Redeemer, he was so happy he felt he must be experiencing such joys as they have in heaven. He wondered why more ministers in the homeland were not willing

to part with their home privileges to come to the heathen and reap such a joy as he was having.

At about the same time as the first baptismal service, Mr. Paton started village schools in all the villages of the island. He and Mrs. Paton had been busy teaching at the mission premises, and now they had some prepared to act as teachers. Each village built its own school, which was used on Sunday for a preaching service.

The village schools were held early in the morning, while the dew was on the bush. As soon as the dew was lifted, the natives had to go to work on their plantations. An early school was held at the mission; also a school in the afternoon for the teachers. Mrs. Paton had a large class of women and girls to whom she taught sewing, singing, plaiting hats, and reading. After a time nearly all the girls and women could make their own clothes.

Sunday was a full day. Mr. Paton breakfasted at daybreak. Just after that the bell rang, and before it stopped every worshiper was seated. They knew what time to start by the sunrise. The more earnest ones from all parts of the island came. This first service lasted an hour. Then there was a recess of twenty minutes.

Again the bell sounded for the chief service of

the day. When it was over, Mr. Paton conducted a special class for those who were thinking of being baptized. The others of their own accord had a prayer-meeting at the same time.

Soon after dinner, the bell rang for Sunday-school, which was attended by all, both old and young. About one o'clock the school was closed, and the workers started off on their village tours. An experienced teacher with a company of helpers would start one way round the island, while Mr. Paton and a company would go the other way, holding meetings at as many villages as they had time to go to. They would reach home at sunset.

As darkness came, a drum sounded in every village calling the villagers together for evening prayers under a banyan-tree. In these meetings they would sing five or six hymns and pray, thus passing the evening hour happily in the fellowship of God.

At the mission house the orphans and others living there gathered, and any villagers who cared to come. They sat on the floor in rows, sang hymns, recited verses from the Bible, and asked and answered questions on the teaching of the day. About nine o'clock they were dismissed, but some of them pleaded to stay for the family worship in

English, saying, "Missi, we like the singing. We understand a little and we like to be where prayer is rising."

Thus passed Sunday after Sunday. Mr. Paton was often very tired at the close of the day; but he did not think of Sunday as a weary day, but as a day filled with the joy of the Lord. Often when he heard these converted cannibals praying he could only weep for joy.

## CHAPTER XI

### THE DAYSPRING

While Mr. and Mrs. Paton were very happy and contented with their Aniwans, yet they always looked forward with eager joy to the visits of the Dayspring, which would bring them news from their friends and the rest of the world and from their children who were far away in Scotland for their education.

Once when seven months had passed without a word from the outside world, the familiar cry of "sail O!" came to their ears during an afternoon prayer-meeting. Mr. Paton was speaking and went on very calmly, but Mrs. Paton heard little of what he was saying and wondered how he could keep talking in such an exciting time. She wrote of the event thus to her brothers and sisters:

"The service did come to an end at last, and then every one's tongue was loosed. It was the Dayspring without doubt; but was there wind enough to bring her in that day? I made agreement with the herd who went for the goats to shout again if it were very near, and soon a dozen voices yelled back the answer. I flew to give orders for all sorts of preparations, but not a girl was to be found, all having rushed up the hill to



see for themselves. And when they came they were so mad with joyful excitement, that instead of their usual respectful demeanor they tumbled heels over head on the veranda two or three times, before they could compose themselves to work; and so many little things waiting to be done!

"We gathered round such a happy tea-table; for it is the most exquisite treat to have intercourse with kindred spirits in our own tongue after jabbering so many months to the darkies, and to get all the news from the civilized world. Such a mail, too! Over one hundred letters, and no end of papers. We simply looked at all your different handwritings, but devoured our bairns' [children's] monthly budgets that night after our visitors had returned to their rooms."

And the Dayspring gathered the missionaries from the various islands once a year so they could have a meeting to refresh one another's hearts and to discuss missionary work. How joyous were those times to the lonely missionaries! Besides the week of meeting, they had happy association on the Dayspring a few days. Mrs. Paton wrote thus of one occasion:

"The moon was brilliantly reflected in the water, and the ship lying so still when he (Mr. Michelsen) began with the exquisite guitar accompani-

ment to sing Jesus Lover of My Soul—the missionaries standing round and joining softly in parts, while we were quietly crying. I have heard oratorios in the old country rendered so that they almost took one out of the body, but never anything that went to my heart like this! You would need to take in the whole circumstance to know how we felt it—the vessel with her little band of missionaries so far from kindred and country, and about to separate to their lonely homes, and we knew not how much trial awaiting them!”

Sometimes Mr. Paton and his household looked anxiously for the Dayspring because their food-supply was getting low. Once they were not only nearing the end of the food from far away, but there was also a scarcity of food on the island. Though the people did not have much to eat, they did not fail to thank God for what they had. One time Mr. Paton noticed a family returning thanks before a meal, and all they had to eat was some cooked fig-leaves.

Every day the food became scarcer at the mission house. The Dayspring was already past due. Was it possible she had gone to the bottom of the sea in a storm? Every night they prayed for the ship to come, and every morning the orphan boys looked for the vessel.

One day the orphans came to Mr. Paton and said: "Missi, we are hungry. You have two beautiful fig-trees. Will you let us take one feast of the young tender leaves? We will not injure branch nor fruit." He gladly told them to go and take their fill. In a moment they were perched up in the trees, happy as squirrels.

Then one glad morning Mr. Paton was awakened by the boys as they came from the seashore shouting, "Missi, a vessel! a vessel! But not the Dayspring." By using his opera-glasses, he could see it was unloading boxes and casks into small boats. So there was a scampering to the seashore. When the first boat-load was landed, the children surrounded Mr. Paton, saying, "Missi, here is a cask that rattles like crackers! Will you let us take it to the mission house?" When he told them they might, in a moment they had it flying before them, and they did not stop until they rolled it up to the door of the storehouse.

When Mr. Paton came up, they said, "Missi, have you forgotten what you promised us?" He had promised them crackers, and now they were eager for him to open the cask quickly; for, as they said, they were dying for biscuits. He got his tools and opened the cask and gave each boy and girl a cracker. To his surprize they stood around,

cracker in hand, but not eating. He said, "What! you are dying for crackers! Why don't you eat? Are you expecting another?" One of the older ones answered, "We will first thank God for sending us food and pray God to bless it to us all."

Mr. Paton and his family also were very thankful for the supply of food; for they had been living almost altogether on cocoanuts. And they had passed through a very trying time not long before. One of their children had died, Mrs. Paton had had a long sickness, and Mr. Paton was so low with a fever that he could not speak. The captain of a ship, having seen him, and calling later at Tanna, told the missionaries there of his illness, and said, "He is probably dead by this time." But the disease took a turn and he gradually got better, though for a long time he was so weak he had to go on crutches.

The ship that brought the food brought also the sad news that the Dayspring had been wrecked. And Mr. Paton's heart was pained very much when he learned that some slavers had got the wreck and patched it up and were using it as a slave-boat. He hated that slave business, and he feared especially now for the Christians, thinking they would be deceived by the familiar Dayspring and go on board, only to find themselves wretched

slaves. He and the other missionaries prayed about this with many tears, and before long they received the message that the Dayspring had been wrecked so badly that it could not be used any more.

That he might improve his health and procure another Dayspring, Mr. Paton left Aniwa and spent a short time in Australia and New Zealand. Another ship was bought, and its name changed to Dayspring, and Mr. Paton had the great joy of returning in her to Aniwa.

A number of years after Mr. Paton's dangerous life on Tanna, he went there on the Dayspring to visit the new missionaries who later had taken his place. He was not more glad to see them, though, than he was to see Litsi, who hastened and clasped his hand, and kissed it with many sobs, and cried: "O my father! God has blessed me to see you again. Is my mother, your dear wife, well? And your children, my brothers and sisters? My love to them all! Oh, my heart clings to you!"

Dear Litsi! What an interesting character she was! She was the Queen of Aniwa and was the first child to be brought to Mr. and Mrs. Paton on Aniwa. Her father was the first Aniwan Christian. She grew to be an attractive, bright, and useful girl. She married a fine young fel-

low named Mungaw, an earnest Christian, and they were valuable helpers to the missionaries. In fact, Mungaw was such a good Christian preacher and example that Mr. Paton took him along on one of their trips to Australia to show him to the Christians there. Most unfortunately he was drugged by some wicked white men, and thereafter was violently insane at times. How much poor Litsi suffered from him! By and by he was shot by a Tanna man. And Litsi, instead of feeling revenge, felt a great burden for the Tannese and prayed very earnestly for God to send missionaries there. Mr. Paton suggested that she herself become a missionary to Tanna. By and by when the missionaries went to Tanna, she and her new husband went to help them.

So Litsi was very glad to see Mr. Paton, and they talked over many things. She told of how earnestly she prayed for God to bless her dear son whom her cousin on Aniwa was training to be the chief of Aniwa while she labored on the mission-field. And she said: "My days here are hard. I might be happy and wealthy as queen of Aniwa. But the heathen here are beginning to listen. The Missi sees them coming nearer to Jesus, and oh, what a reward when we shall hear

them sing and pray to our dear Savior! The hope of that makes me strong for anything."

For eighteen years, except for the trip to Scotland and brief trips to Australia, Mr. Paton and his wife labored for the Aniwans. Then it was thought best for him to go to England and Scotland again, to raise money for a bigger ship and for more missionaries. Thereafter his short stays on Aniwa were more like visits. But he had labored so well that some of the Aniwans were able to carry on the missionary work in his absence with an occasional visit from a missionary on a neighboring island.

One of the best Aniwan workers was Ruwawa, a chief of one of the tribes. At one time he had been so ill that all about him thought he was dying, and their hearts were very sore because they thought he could ill be spared. Mr. Paton told all of them to pray to God very earnestly about it. God heard their cries and spared the dear man. When he was able to come back to church, he said:

"Dear friends, God has given me back to you all. I rejoice thus to come here and praise the great Father, who made us all, and who knows how to make and keep us well. I want you all to work hard for Jesus and to lose no opportunity



of trying to do good and so to please him. In my deep journey away near to the grave, it was the memory of what I had done in love to Jesus that made my heart sing. I am not afraid of pain—my dear Lord Jesus suffered more for me and teaches me how to bear it.”

Then he raised his right hand, and, looking joyfully upward, he exclaimed, “My own, my dear Lord Jesus!” All who were present were greatly touched, and none more than Mr. Paton, who rejoiced again in the privilege of being a missionary. So Ruwawa was spared to take charge of all the meetings and the schools when Mr. Paton went away.

Mr. Paton’s trip to England and Scotland could hardly be called a furlough, if there is in that word any idea of rest. He worked very hard making speeches, writing letters, and traveling. There was some difficulty in getting the necessary money; but he prayed very earnestly and with faith, and many were the wonderful answers to prayer. When he was ready to return to Australia, instead of the six thousand pounds he wanted he had nine thousand. He rejoiced greatly; for missionary work was his life. Its progress was his happiness.

## CHAPTER XII

### FAME, HUMILITY, WORK

It was when Mr. Paton was thirty-four years old that some of the ministers in Glasgow told him he was throwing his life away by going among the cannibals. When another thirty-four years had passed, or when Mr. Paton was sixty-eight years old, if those same ministers could have been with him on his tours in America, they would certainly have changed their minds. If he had remained in the Green Street Mission, his name probably would not have been known beyond Glasgow. But now his name was familiar, not only through Scotland and England, but from coast to coast in America. It was in 1892 and 1893 that Mr. Paton was in America, and everywhere he was warmly welcomed, his audiences numbering from a few hundred to six thousand.

He was thus widely known through his autobiography, which his brother James had prevailed on him to write the last time he had been in Scotland. It took much persuasion to get him to write his experiences; for he was a humble man, and did not wish to speak much of himself. But being led to believe it would be for God's glory and the furtherance of missions, he wrote it, keeping his

own personal affairs in the background and exalting the workings of his Lord Jesus, whom he loved so well. The book had a wonderful sale both in the British Isles and in America, and prepared the way for his enthusiastic reception on his trip around the world.

It was not only the common people of America who listened to him, but the great heard him with much interest. He had the honor of dining with President Cleveland in the White House.

But it was not at all in his heart to seek fame. He would have been very glad to have been hidden away in a corner in those South Sea Islands. Bringing the gospel of Jesus to those darkened cannibals was the passion of his soul. And it was for their sakes that he was in America. He had been appointed by a convention in Australia to confer with the United States government about prohibiting their traders in those islands from selling intoxicating liquors, opium, and firearms to the natives. England had already made such a prohibition to her traders. Also, he was a delegate to the Pan-Presbyterian Council in Toronto.

While he was in America chiefly for these two purposes, he took advantage of the opportunity of interesting people in missions. Though he knew there were wonderful sights in America, he would

not take time for sight-seeing, nor for anything else that was not strictly his Master's business. For each week he averaged ten lectures for the six week-days and five for Sunday. It seems hardly possible that a man of his age could endure such a strain, but he constantly looked to his God for strength. Even on the voyage to America he worked eight hours a day, copying translations, and finishing his Aniwan dictionary.

His lectures were not in vain. Many while listening to him offered themselves to God for service in various mission-fields of the world. And Christians and whole congregations which formerly had little interest or faith in missions to the heathen, on hearing of the wonderful conversions among the cannibals became warm supporters of missions with both their money and prayers.

When he went to England from America, what a contrast he found with his last visit there! Then he could hardly get an opportunity to speak in English pulpits; now he had so many invitations he could not hope to accept all. A committee arranged for him to speak in the largest churches, where hundreds, among them the rich and great, hung on his words. At one place in England, where he had a specially large and high-class audience, it was suggested that, at the close, in-

stead of handshaking, the audience, in honor to him, should stand as he passed out. The farther he went down the aisle, the more he wished he could be hidden from sight. Often when alone after a great meeting he would think of his humble boyhood home and his weary toils and of how little he dreamed of such fame ever coming to him. As he considered the steps of the years he could see that what had come to him was from God. The greater his fame, the humbler he felt, giving all glory to Jesus. Especially did he have this feeling when he gave addresses in universities and colleges, where there were so many highly educated persons. He spoke at sixty-three such institutions, including the most famous of both England and America.

When he returned to Australia, he spent part of the time touring there and part of the time carrying his Aniwan New Testament through the press.

In 1900 he was again in America, a delegate to the Ecumenical [World] Missionary Conference at New York City. He was then seventy-six years old. Because of his long hair and beard, now white, his simplicity of spirit, and his spiritual life, he was regarded by all as a beautiful old man. He and two others much like him, one from China and one from India, were thought of as a

trio of missionary heroes, and their photograph was one of the most popular souvenirs of the convention. One day when they were to appear together on the platform they could not be found. Further search was made, and at last they were found on their knees praying God's blessing on the meeting.

When he was seventy-nine, with his wife he went again to be with his beloved Aniwans. It proved to be his last stay among them. It was not a very long one, less than a year; but what a delight to see his old converts and work among them again! He could not, however, do as he did in the days gone by. He wrote to a friend while there:

"I have had weakness and trouble with much pain since I broke down in Canada, and though I can sit and write with difficulty, owing to loss of memory in spelling and accuracy, and though I can do here all the work of the mission at our station, I can not visit the villages or go among the people and the sick, as formerly, owing to an increased feebleness in my legs, and lumbago, which is painful for the last fortnight. But it is all as our Master sends it, and we submit thankfully, as all is nothing to what we deserve; and adored be our God. We have all in our dear Lord Jesus for peace and joy in all circumstances."

It was thought best that they return again to Australia, since Mrs. Paton was in ill health, too. The natives, fearing they might miss seeing them leave, as it happened the previous time, for nearly a week slept in the village nearest the mission house and stationed guards to call them if the ship arrived. The ship came in the afternoon, and the whole population went to the shore. Their hearts were sad, and many of them were weeping; for they felt they would never see him again. It was much like Paul's leave-taking of the Ephesians at Miletus, which you can read about in the twentieth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. When the luggage was all on the boat, and it was time for Mr. and Mrs. Paton to go aboard, Mr. Paton prayed once more with them, and then came the final, sorrowful farewell. Was not this, a whole island of Christians loving and honoring him thus, a sufficient reward of itself for the difficult and dangerous toil of the years gone by among cannibals, not to speak of the reward that was yet awaiting in heaven?

In 1905, when he was eighty-one, his wife died, and on the morning of her funeral he received a cable telling of the death of the wife of his son Fred, who was a missionary on Norfolk Island. His heart was bowed down with grief, for the loss





Then came the final, sorrowful farewell  
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of his own companion of forty-one years, and also for Fred, because he knew so well how to sympathize with him. His mind went back to the time when he was a young missionary and lost his wife when there was no white person near to comfort. And now his son was in like case. But he believed the same Christ who comforted him then and was comforting him even now, would also help his son.

Though he had filled well his days with toil from his youth, and though past his three-score years and ten, he did not consider his work done. He continued to give addresses in Australia, usually five during the week and three on Sunday. He even wanted to go to Aniwa again. He wished to be living among the Aniwans when his time to die should come. In 1906 he wrote in a letter: "I have been very much disappointed lately. I was very anxious to return for a year or a few months to my dear converts in Aniwa, as I know they must need the residence of a missionary among them for a time. They carry on all the school work and church work faithfully and successfully, but if I could be a year or a few months among them, preaching and teaching, I know it would do them good, and they also by their letters exceedingly desire it. But our Committee refuse to let me go.

They say I am too old and feeble to be allowed to return there and live alone."

In his touring he had had with him his son Frank, who had to leave his mission work in Tanna for a time. It was a great comfort to him to have his son with him. For most of their lives they had been separated; for the children while yet young had to be sent back to Scotland for their education. God's blessing was upon them as it has been on many other children thus consecrated. The two sons could have brought no greater joy to the father's heart than by becoming missionaries in the South Sea Islands.

Mr. Paton, not long before his death, said, "Oh, that I had my life to begin again! I would consecrate it anew to Jesus in seeking the conversion of the remaining cannibals on the New Hebrides. But since that may not be, may he help me to use every moment and every power still left me to carry forward to the uttermost that beloved work."

The interesting years of his long and useful life were nearing a close. After several weeks' illness, on Jan. 28, 1907, at the age of eighty-three, he passed away to be with his Lord Jesus, whom he had loved so well and served so earnestly. The hardships and the toils were over. But with all these his life was a joyous life. His was the joy

of the devout Christian, of the one who gives himself for others. His life was a success. He had in this world what most people are seeking after—happiness; and he doubtless had it in a greater degree than those do who seek especially for it. And in the world to come a crown was awaiting. He did a work that was not only for time, but for eternity. How unbounded will be his joy in that last great day when he presents his many golden sheaves to the Lord of the harvest! ‘They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever.’

THE END.









